

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Miss INDIANA DANBY.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.



DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXII.

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LETTER XXVIII.

Continued.

—“ I WILL stay; indeed I will,” (disengaging myself from his clasping arms.)

—“ But you terrify me, Mr. Beverly. Pray  
“ be composed.—I wished to talk with you.”

—“ Wished to talk with me!—Ah, Indiana,  
“ I dare not believe the wretched Beverly has  
“ ever the happiness to mix in your wishes.”—

“ You are mistaken, Sir; I wish his happiness  
“ —most sincerely do I wish 'it, and would do  
“ any thing in my power to promote it.”—

—“ Now then, fair dissembler,” cried he, “ I  
“ put you to the proof. My mother has in-  
“ formed me you are free—I too shall soon be  
“ so, and here once more on my knees, yes,

“ spite of your scorn, I once more condescend to  
“ kneel to you, to implore your pity. Why do  
“ you turn from me, Indiana? Why do you  
“ weep? Did you then only flatter me, when  
“ you pretended to be solicitous for my happiness?”——“ I did not, Mr. Beverly,” answered I, with emotion: “ but indeed it cannot  
“ be in this way.”——“ Then,” said he, rising with indignation, “ it can be in no other.”——  
He walked about the room, in violent agitation.  
——“ Hear me, Sir,” said I, “ let me but explain the reason. Believe me you should have  
“ no cause to reproach me, were it possible.”——  
——“ And why is it not?” returned he, with impatience, again snatching my hand, and fixing his eyes mournfully on my face.—“ Sit down,  
“ Sir,” said I, “ and give me a patient hearing.”——He led me to a chair, and without answering, placed himself by me.—I sighed, and knew not how to begin.—He too sighed; and pressing my hand to his lips, “ Indiana,” said he, “ our hearts have not forgot to sympathize with  
“ each other. Ah! must they then—say, my  
“ cruel charmer, must they be divided?”——  
“ Indeed they must,” returned I: “ there is  
“ still an unsurmountable bar placed between  
“ them—Your lady.”——He arose.—“ No more,  
“ Madam; if you would not drive me to distraction, no more on that fatal subject.”——  
“ Only read this letter,” continued I, following him; “ pray oblige me, dear Mr. Beverly.”  
——“ Dear!” repeated he, raising his eyes—“ O  
“ you too well know your power. But why  
“ should I read the cursed”——“ Hush, Sir,” interrupted I; “ I give you my word it is not  
“ from lady Caroline.—She has been injured,  
“ she is not guilty.”——“ Not guilty!” exclaimed  
he,

he, passionately ; “ would you have me doubt  
“ my senses ? ” — “ Only read the letter,” re-  
turned I, “ and then judge whether you ought  
“ to give credit to the strongest appearances.” —  
“ And what if she is not guilty ? ” cried he hastily,  
“ what if she were an angel ? Never shall  
“ she be any thing to me. — I swear by Heaven, I  
“ never will be reconciled to her ; nor shall all  
“ the powers of earth and hell oblige me to re-  
“ linquish the design I have formed of a just re-  
“ venge.” — “ But for your own honour, Mr.  
“ Beverly,” cried I. — “ That I have already  
“ vindicated, at the hazard of my life ; and shall  
“ that abandoned woman, shall she go unpun-  
“ nished ? — No, no, Madam, powerful as your  
“ influence is” — “ Pray hear me, Mr. Beverly,”  
interrupted I. — “ Do not urge me on this subject  
“ then,” said he. “ I cannot bear it ; especi-  
“ ally from you. Cruel Indiana ! how could you  
“ think of engaging in such a cause ? ” — “ ’Tis  
“ the cause of justice,” returned I ; “ ’tis every  
“ one’s duty to endeavour, at least to justify the  
“ innocent.” — “ The innocent ! ” said he, with  
a contemptuous smile ; “ pray let’s hear what  
“ your pretty innocent can say for herself. But  
“ remember, Madam, nothing shall ever make  
“ me change my purpose. I have proofs, and  
“ by Heaven I will avail myself of them.” — He  
read your letter. I watched his countenance. It  
discovered a variety of emotions ; but scorn and  
rage were most predominant. — “ O ! a very  
“ plausible story ! ” said he, when he had finished  
it, “ I never doubted the fertility of that lady’s  
“ invention ; but it won’t pass upon me. —  
“ Mrs. Bevill too my enemy ? I should not have  
“ expected that of her. But adversity is the  
“ time to prove our friends.” — “ You wrong  
“ my

“ my Clara,” cried I, with earnestness; “ she merits not those reproaches. Ah, if you knew how warmly she interests herself in your favour.”—“ Generous woman!” exclaimed he. “ Ah, Indiana, does she indeed condescend to plead for me? And can you, can you,” repeated he with fervor, “ be deaf to her persuasions?—My mother too.”—“ Forbear, Sir,” said I, “ you know not how your unavailing importunities distress me.”—“ Unavailing, indeed,” said he. “ O, I have but too much reason to know that inflexible heart.”—At that moment Mrs. Beverly entered.—I left them together.—I hope they will more coolly talk over the affair. Yet can I not flatter myself my aunt will be any great advocate for the afflicted Caroline.—A thought has just darted into my mind.—Suppose she were to pay us a visit.—I’ll take care to prepare Mrs. Beverly for it: nor do I fear engaging mamma in our cause. I really think her presence might have a good effect.—Consider of it, Clara. Beverly shall know nothing of our design, till she makes her appearance.—The surprise it will cause, may throw him off his guard.—Yet I do not think he is capable of treating any of our sex, be they ever so faulty, with indignity.—Perhaps the sight of the fair mourner may awaken his compassion. Do not let us be too precipitate, however. Reflect seriously on my proposal.—Bevill too may be consulted. As a husband, he may be best able to judge what method is most likely to affect one.—Adieu. You will own I have some reason to be tired of writing. I wish the reading it may not produce the same effect in you.—

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

## LETTER XXIX.

To Miss INDIANA DANBY.

**T**IS an admirable scheme, Indiana. Bevill approves of it.—This for your satisfaction.—Yours and my own was enough for me.—But if two heads are better than one, what must three be?—Worse perhaps.—But Bevill's head is neither here nor there; of no great consequence, honest man.—No frowning, Indiana.—I may make free with my own, or the deuce is in it.—Nobody else should, however; mark that, as my sententious aunt says.—Well, my dear, I have been with the poor penitent. You know I am always in a violent hurry when I take a thing in hand. I hate delays.—I wish you had had, in some cases, a little of my impatience in your temper. It might have prevented—but I hate retrospects: so no more on that head.—You have promised to manage Mrs. Beverly, and the marchioness; I the poor Caroline, who by the bye is greatly indisposed, which, I fear, will for some time prevent the execution of our project.—She was surprised at my proposal, and declared she should never be able to muster up courage to face her incensed husband; especially as she knew Mrs. Beverly was far from being her friend.—“Yet,” added she, “conscious as I am of my innocence, what have I to fear? Nothing on earth can be so dreadful to me as the threatened divorce.”—“True,” said I, “and I really think this is the most likely way to avert the impending evil.”—She was astonished at your generous conduct in the affair. She, lifting up her hands and eyes, uttered a fervent prayer for  
your



your happiness.—Poor woman. I believe indeed a character like yours is a novelty to her, and such a one as she can form but an imperfect idea of.—I promised to accompany her to the grove.—Her heart overflowed with gratitude at this unexpected proposal. I think it will be of advantage to her, in the sight of the world, when they find she is not quite deserted by the virtuous of her own sex.—Yet really, upon second thoughts, I don't know whether it will not draw its censure upon me, without doing her any real service. People are censorious, and generally put the worst construction on every action.—No matter.—I am determined to be charitable,—and a fig for the consequence.—Well then, my dear, make the best use of your eloquence, in order to procure us a tolerable reception from the two worthies; and expect, as soon as lady Caroline's health will permit her to take so long a journey, a pair of guests, one of which, at least, I think I may flatter myself, will be welcome.—Tell Beverly I am highly incensed at his daring to suspect my friendship.—But I am going to give him an opportunity of casting himself at my feet; in which humble posture, he may, perhaps, if I happen to be in a placable humour, obtain his forgiveness.—Not a word of his helpmate, for your life. We intend to take the town by surprise, since neither force nor intreaties will do.—Adieu, my dear.—Our poor little Billy is not well. I am hardly a moment out of the nursery.—

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

MAMMA is prepared to give lady Caroline a favourable reception. But I have not yet found a convenient opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Beverly on the subject. Do not therefore be too precipitate. I admire my dear Clara's conduct in this affair.—Now for a subject less interesting.—

WE have for some days past had a very agreeable guest, Mr. Montague, Beverly's most intimate acquaintance.—I don't wonder that he is so, for I never met with a more engaging man. His person is handsome, his manner easy and graceful. He is lively, though not quite so wildly as was once his gay friend. The company of this gentleman has, in some measure, restored Mr. Beverly to his usual vivacity. The high esteem he professes for Mr. Montague, is alone sufficient, were he less amiable, effectually to recommend him to my aunt's favour. She omits nothing she thinks will be likely to render his stay agreeable. Mr. Beverly has made him his confidant; and to say the truth, he pleads with uncommon eloquence in his favour: but in our last private conference, I told him the true state of affairs. He was till then ignorant of the particulars of lady Caroline's story, and was not a little surprised she could so well vindicate her conduct.—I besought him to use the influence he has over Mr. Beverly to bring about a reconciliation.—“Ah, Madam,” said he, “how sincerely do I pity him! I was in hopes he would soon have been at liberty to indulge his passion for a worthier object.—I  
“did

“ did not imagine, as the affair was represented  
 “ to me, there could be the least possibility of  
 “ clearing her innocence ; and after all, I fear  
 “ she must never flatter herself that she can re-  
 “ gain his affection.”—“ I fear not,” returned  
 I, sighing ; “ poor lady Caroline !—But his par-  
 “ don, his pity surely she may hope for.”—  
 “ I can hardly think she even merits that,” cried  
 he, with some indignation ; “ her conduct has  
 “ been to the highest degree imprudent, to say  
 “ no worse of it.”—At this part of our con-  
 versation we were interrupted ; but I think since  
 then, Mr. Montague has been more than ever  
 assiduous to please me. His voice is softened into  
 tenderness, and his eyes speak a language which is  
 but too intelligent.—Pray Heaven I may be mis-  
 taken. I own I cannot help being alarmed at his  
 behaviour.—This evening, the weather being  
 remarkably fine, we drank tea in the grove : Be-  
 verly was in a very plaintive mood. At his request  
 I played two or three airs in that strain on my  
 guitar.—“ O thou soothing charmer,” cried he,  
 in raptures ; and fixing his eyes tenderly on me,  
 accompanied the instrument, while in a low voice  
 he sung the following lines.—

## I.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ?  
 And when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between and bid us part ?  
 Bid us sigh on, from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish the time away ;  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the life of life is gone—.

2. But



## 2.

But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the joyless, loveless vow;  
Our hearts from pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.  
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I'll absolve thy future care:  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.—

HE gently pressed my hand at the conclusion of this verse; and I could observe he had some difficulty to disperse a starting tear.—Mr. Montague watched our looks, and that with so much attention, that I could not help thinking he was endeavouring to discover, whether my heart still retained a partiality for his friend, before he suffered his own to be too much impressed in my favour.—You know, my dear Clara, I am not apt to set people down as my lovers on a slight foundation; but there is something so particular in the behaviour of this gentleman, that I cannot doubt my being more than indifferent to him.—Ah, how uneasy does this thought make me!—Alas, if my heart is partial, 'tis not to him he suspects.—Fatal partiality, what misery has it not been the source of? What conflicts?—I dare not examine my heart too closely.—Good Heaven defend me from this guilty weakness.

MAMMA greatly esteems this Montague. He has an unexceptionable character; is extremely amiable in his person and manner; will be  
heir

heir to a noble estate too, at the death of his father, Sir Olander Montague. This latter circumstance, however, would have but little weight with me. For I must acknowledge, though perhaps the acknowledgment is not to my advantage, that I have not the least tincture of ambition in my composition.—Reflecting on what may be the consequence, should this man really entertain and vow a passion for me, has made me uncommonly grave. For which reason, lest I should infect you, I put an end to my epistle.—

Adieu.

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T-

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## LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**H**ASTEN your visit, my dear Clara. We have now still more convincing proofs of lady Caroline's innocence. Even Mrs. Beverly can no longer doubt it, though it was not without reluctance she yielded to conviction. Her son this morning received a letter from lord G. with another enclosed, from the vile artful Jenny, who now lives with him as his mistress.—Beverly read them with emotion.—We were at breakfast when they were delivered to us. He arose with a look of despair, and flinging them on the table —“Read, Madam,” said he, turning to his mother.—“My misery is now compleat, and all my flattering hopes for ever vanished.”—He precipitately left the room, and locked himself in his closet; nor would admit even his favourite Montague. He is there still, and has been the whole day.—He sent an apology to us for not attending at dinner—pleading indisposition.—

POOR Beverly, his heart was set on a divorce. This treacherous Jenny was to have been a witness; but truth has at last compelled her to desert his cause. Neither his conscience nor honour will now suffer him to proceed in it, when he is so clearly convinced his lady is only guilty in appearance.—I send you a copy of lord G's letter —The girl's is no more than a repetition of what you before heard from lady Caroline, intermixed with a thousand entreaties for pardon, and as many professions of repentance, for the iniquitous plot she had formed, to ruin one to whom she is under the highest obligations.—She says the motive

tive which induced her to it was jealousy. She feared lord G's attachment to lady Caroline would, in the end, deprive her of his heart; that heart in which she could not even bear the thoughts of her being a sharer.—This, added to a desire of revenge, for some reproachful hints my lady had dropped, on suspecting her of too great intimacy with his lordship, so incensed her, that she from that time meditated her ruin. What a vile abandoned creature, even by her own confession!—Lord G's letter is as follows.—Adieu.

TO HENRY BEVERLY, Esq;

SIR,

IT is not enough that I have satisfied your, in appearance, injured honour: your innocent lady's ought likewise to be cleared. You may remember with what earnestness I besought you to hear me on that subject, before my life, which might perhaps fall a sacrifice to your resentment, put it out of my power to vindicate her: but you were deaf to my remonstrances, and even dared to impute them to a cause which I soon convinced you was an injurious suspicion.—I now, once more, for your lady's sake, condescend to assure you I went not to your house that fatal night in which you so unexpectedly surprised me in your lady's chamber, with hopes of meeting her. Jenny, on whom I have at last prevailed to reveal the truth, will give you the particulars of a scene, as extraordinary to me at the time, as it appeared shocking to you. It was not without difficulty I could prevail on the girl, who now lives with me, to confess her guilt;—but I promised for you, that she should be no otherways punished.

ed, than by the remorse to which she is now awakened.—

SHE says she had promised you, Sir, to appear as an evidence against your lady, if the affair was brought to a public trial; as was likewise one of your footmen, who she had contrived to make a witness to the fatal scene.—But I refer you to her letter.—

I CANNOT suppose you will have so bad an opinion of my honour and veracity, as to think I would condescend to sign my name in support of a falsehood. I can have no other motives in what I do, but to clear the reputation of a lady whom my imprudence has unhappily injured.—

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

Miss DANBY in continuation.

I RESUME my pen, my dear Clara, to tell you Mr. Beverly has at last made his appearance.—We had done supper; the servant had just removed the cloth; my aunt, with kind solicitude, ordered them to return, but he opposed the motion with a sort of peevish impatience.—He took his seat at table, and reclining his head on his hand, fixed his eyes on me; gloomy despair in his looks.—Mr. Montague endeavoured to rouse him from his silent melancholy, by addressing him on some general topics, but he hardly received an answer.—He still continued talking, however, till at last, “Do you, Montague, you who know my heart,” cried he with impatience,



ence, "imagine sorrow has made so slight an impression there, as to be diverted with trifles?"—"Forgive me, dear Beverly," returned the other, "I acknowledge the justice of your rebuke; yet have those trifles produced the effect I wished. I meant them only to awaken you from your silent sadness."—His friend made no reply: but turning to Mrs. Beverly, "I propose leaving you to-morrow morning, Madam," said he; "my dear Montague is now your guest. Endeavour to make his stay agreeable; he has promised to favour you with his company a week longer at least. Mine, in the present situation of my mind, would but little add to his amusement, could I even prevail on myself to stay in a place so fatal to my peace."—"And think you," cried his friend, "that I will suffer you to depart without me? No, Beverly, you cannot so easily shake me off, though you unkindly wish to deny me a share in your grief." "You must neither of you go," said Mrs. Beverly. "My son, if you have the least regard for my peace, plunge me not again into sorrow by your absence, which I have but too often had cause to lament."—He was affected; she renewed her entreaties; the marchioness joined hers; I only was silent.—Beverly remarked it, and accused me of cruel insensibility.—Ah, how unjustly!—In the end they prevailed on him to defer his journey, and I have still hopes a personal interview with lady Caroline may move him in her favour. Come then, my dear Clara, and may Heaven, I again repeat it, crown our endeavours with success! Adieu.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY

L E T

## L E T T E R XXXII.

To Miss FREEMORE.

I TAKE this first opportunity of fulfilling my promise to my dear Fanny. No doubt you are impatient to know the issue of our important visit to the grove. I hasten, therefore, without farther preamble, to give you the particulars, and that in downright sober sadness, as the case requires, without any of my usual flourishes.

EARLY in the morning I set out in my coach for lady Caroline's, Bevill accompanying me.—He thought, and I believe the honest man was right, that it was necessary for him to shew the world he countenanced the notice I took of her.—She was dressed in deep mourning; but spite of her penitentials, she had taken some pains to set off her person to advantage.—I commend her for that. She really looked very pretty; for she is a most graceful, elegant figure, and her sable garments became her remarkably well.—I had some difficulty to keep up her spirits during our journey. Her palpitation increased when we arrived in sight of the castle.—“O! I shall never have courage to see him;” cried she, as the carriage stopped at the gate.—“What shall I do, dear Mrs. Bevill, I am half dead with terror?”—“Must up your courage,” said I; “we have gone too far to retract.”—

I LED her, trembling, into a parlour, where I advised her to take a glass of hartshorn and water.—This a little recovered her.—Mrs. Beverly joined us. She had been apprised of our visit.—She politely welcomed me, but I thought not with her usual kindness.—Lady Caroline attempt-  
ed

ed to rise on her entrance, but it was a fruitless attempt. She sunk again into her chair, and burst into tears.—This a little affected the good lady. She condescended to sooth her.—“My son,” said she, turning to me, “knows nothing of your being here.—Had we not best inform him of it, before you see him?”—“I think not,” answered I. “When his lady is better we will go up to him; and you, my dear madam, must be so good as to introduce the poor afflicted mourner. She stands in need of your generous countenance; nor will you, I hope, now her innocence is cleared, refuse it.”—“I will not,” returned Mrs. Beverly, sighing.—“Come, daughter,”—[I was pleased with this kind address] taking her almost lifeless hand, “if you think your spirits sufficiently recovered, let me lead you to my son. He is generous; you have no cause to be thus alarmed.”—“O, madam, you are very good. I have not deserved,” faltered out lady Caroline—wiping her eyes, “I know I have not merited this kind indulgence.—Let us go, madam, ’tis in vain to delay it: my apprehensions every moment increase.”—

I took hold of her arm, for she stood in need of my support; and we followed Mrs. Beverly to the drawing-room, where the Marchioness, Indiana, Mr. Montague and Beverly were assembled; the latter little expecting such a visiter.—At the door of the apartment his mother took lady Caroline’s hand and led her into the room.—“My son,” cried she, “I bespeak your pity.”—He started from his seat, with a kind of horror in his looks.—Lady Caroline advanced to him, with trembling steps, and casting herself at his feet, embraced his knees, her hands raised in a

supplicating

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supplicating posture, her streaming eyes fixed on his half averted face.—“ Ah, Sir, pardon!”—— She could add no more, but sunk almost senseless on the floor.—He was so lost in astonishment, that he had not power to offer her assistance.—Indiana hurried to her, and kneeling, supported her in her arms.—“ O! Mr. Beverly,” said she, in a plaintive voice—“ Can you, unmoved, be “ witness to a scene like this? Let me intreat “ you to pity and forgive.”—Her address roused him from the stupor that had seized him.—“ My “ Indiana on her knees!” cried he. “ Gracious Heaven!—Rise, Madam; this is too “ much.”—“ No, Sir,” said she, “ never will “ I rise till you condescend to grant my suit.—I “ plead in the cause of suffering and injured innocence. Do not, do not, Mr. Beverly, harden “ your heart.”—“ No, Madam,” interrupted he, “ I will not in that follow your cruel example.—But what is it you require of me?”—— Lady Caroline, who was by this a little recovered, sighed deeply.—She raised her mournful eyes, and tenderly fixed them on his.—“ My request,” resumed Indiana, “ is that you would forgive the “ past errors of my afflicted friend; and once “ more restore her, penitent as she now is, to “ your earnestly wished-for favour.”—“ I am, “ indeed, truly penitent,” said lady Caroline.—“ O! Mr. Beverly; can you forget what is past? “ I acknowledge my levities, my follies, and “ severely lament them: but my future life—— “ Dear Sir, pity your once loved Caroline.— “ Do not thus unkindly turn from me.—Have I “ then no interest in that heart I would die to “ gain?”—“ Let me entreat you, dear Mr. “ Beverly,” cried Indiana.—“ Entreat!” repeated he, sighing—“ Ah, you too well know your “ power.

“power. Sensible that you may command,  
 “why do you condescend to entreat? But rise,  
 “Madam: by Heaven, I cannot bear to see you  
 “in this humble posture.”—“You bid *me* rise,  
 “Sir,” returned she; “but rather let me hear  
 “you bid this lady rise, and rise to be forgiven;  
 “then will I only thank you on my knees, and  
 “cheerfully obey.”—Mrs. Beverly joined them.  
 “Let me too entreat you, my dear son,” said  
 she, embracing him, “to be reconciled to your  
 “wife. I believe she is now truly sensible of her  
 “past errors, and will for the future study to de-  
 “serve that name.”—“Indeed I will,” cried  
 she, with fervor. “O! Sir, restore me but  
 “once more to your forfeited affection, and my  
 “gratitude shall be as lasting as my life.”—  
 “Rise, Madam,” said he, with emotion, “you  
 “are forgiven.”—She started up in a transport  
 of joy, and flung herself into his arms.—I ob-  
 served him stifle a sigh, and cast a mournful look  
 at Indiana, while he rather coolly returned her  
 embrace.—

OUR friend, justly believing her presence  
 would now rather retard, than further their be-  
 gun reconciliation, retired, beckoning me to fol-  
 low.—I immediately withdrew, as did the mar-  
 chioness and Mr. Montague, who were visibly af-  
 fected with the scene to which they had been  
 witness. Indiana and I congratulated each other  
 on the success of our project.—The marchioness  
 joined us.—She embraced, and thanked me, for  
 the interest I had taken in her nephew’s happi-  
 ness.—

WE conversed agreeably for an hour or two  
 together, when Mrs. Beverly made her appear-  
 ance. “My son,” said she, “has given orders  
 “for his journey to town: he is going to set off  
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"immediately. Lady Caroline has at last prevailed on him to let her accompany him: Mr. Montague too is of the party.—Now, my friends," continued she, "would it not be proper for me to go with them? I think it is necessary, in order to convince the world we are satisfied of her innocence, and the injustice that has been done her. For when she is thus countenanced by her husband's relations, people who are less concerned, will soon be induced to follow their example; and by this means her injured character may be the sooner retrieved.—For the honour of my son, as well as hers, I am anxious to clear her from the cruel aspersions that have been propagated to her disadvantage.—But I hope her future conduct, and a public reconciliation, will in time retrieve her fame, and restore her to the world's favour."

WE all approved her intention. In less than an hour every thing was ready for their journey.—Lady Caroline came to bid us adieu.—She was almost wild with joy. She embraced me a thousand times—and on her knees, in spite of our endeavours to raise her from that humble posture, poured out the most fervent expressions of gratitude for the generous part Indiana had acted in the affair.—She besought the continuance of her friendship, assuring her, she would, by her future conduct, endeavour to merit her esteem.—

POOR Beverly! I never saw so deep, so settled a melancholy, as appeared in his countenance.—He snatched my hand in passing to the coach—"Ah, Clara!" said he, "what have you done?—Now indeed I am completely wretched. I may drag my body hence, but I leave my soul behind me."—He left me with

slow and lingering steps ; his head turned back with many a wishful look ; but Indiana prudently forbore to make her appearance.—Mr. Montague led lady Caroline to the carriage. He bowed respectfully to me.—“ I find, Madam,” said he, “ I must not hope for the honour of seeing your fair friend. May I beg the favour of you to present my best respects to her.” He sighed.—Upon my word a good pretty fellow.—Away they drove.—I returned to Indiana ; and finding her a little in the plaintive, proposed an airing, in order to raise her spirits.—The marchioness agreed to be of the party. We talked on various subjects ; but the good lady dwelt with most pleasure on the amiable Montague’s praise.—Indiana gave me some significant looks, and did not seem much delighted with her eloquence on that topic.—

Now, Fanny, I have fulfilled my promise, and beg leave to be dismissed, as I have at present nothing material to add.—I shall stay here a few days. Neither the marchioness nor Indiana will suffer me to mention my departure. They talk of a month, at least ; but it is not in my power to oblige myself and them. My lord and master laid me under the strictest injunctions to be back in less than a week, before he would consent to my expedition.—Adieu, child ; may the happiness your dreary state will admit of, attend you !

CLARA

P. S. How does my good aunt ? You tell me in your last she was threatened with a return of her disorder.—Our dear mother has at last fixed the time for her intended journey. You will see her in a few days.—Adieu.

L E T

## LETTER XXXIII.

TO HENRY BEVERLY, Esq;

Dear Beverly,

I BELIEVE you had already some suspicion of the secret I am going to reveal to you. Be that as it will, this heart shall never learn to disguise its sentiments from my friend.—Ah, Beverly, why were you so importunate for my coming to the Grove? Could you not foresee the consequence? Was it possible I should converse and be in company with the most charming creature in the world, and retain my indifference?—How faint was even your description of her beauty? No. From the first moment I beheld her, I found myself a slave: yet as you had then some prospect of obtaining the inestimable treasure, friendship compelled me to stifle the growing flame.—I even pleaded in your favour, and that, believe me, with disinterested warmth. But when I saw you deprived of every shadow of hope, then mine began to revive; and I no longer struggled against the soft emotions of my heart.—O, Beverly! since the lovely maid cannot now be yours, would you not wish your friend should enjoy that blessing preferable to another?—Yes, I think you would. You see how cautious I am of offending, since I almost condescend to ask your consent to what you have yet no right to refuse.—But I would leave you no room to reproach me. Had there been the least probability of your obtaining the angelick creature,



ture, I would have sacrificed my infant love to your long established friendship. I would have suffered in silence: never should you have known I was unhappily become your rival.—But the case is now widely different. Once more I repeat it, she cannot be yours. O then let me use my utmost endeavour to make her mine.—

I SHALL leave my father's in less than a week; but hope ere then you will oblige me with an answer to this. Till then I shall defer my intention of writing to the lovely Indiana.—  
Adieu.

Believe me yours, &c.

GEORGE MONTAGUE.

L E T.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

TO GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq;

WHAT do you tell me?—Ah! Montague, you have planted daggers in my heart.—She cannot be mine, you say.—O! too sure she cannot.—But though my cursed fate has denied me that blessing, I should go distracted, were I to know she had resigned herself to the arms of another.—What do you write to me for on this subject? You tell me, I have no right to refuse my consent.—Why then do you ask it? Did you expect I should calmly wish you success? or did you imagine I should return the compliment, and plead with her in your favour?—Oh! Montague, do you not know I have long ceased to have any influence over that obdurate heart you seek to obtain?—You, indeed, may perhaps find it gentle and yielding to your suit. I cannot bear the tormenting thought. I could have dispensed with this cruel instance of your friendship. Why was I to be consulted?—If I must lose her—think not I will ever give my consent. Do as you will, I have no right to controul you.—But, by Heavens, that cursed hour that gives her to your arms, shall be the last of my life.

HENRY BEVERLY.

## LETTER XXXV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WAS it not cruel in my Clara to leave me so soon?—Ah! my dear, I now more than ever stand in need of your presence and advice. My fears were but too just. Mr. Montague has wrote to me. He has declared his passion in the most fervent terms. I thought it my duty to shew his letter to mamma!—Alas! she entirely approves of his proposals, and is exceedingly pleased with him.—“At last,” cried she, “I trust my wishes will be accomplished. All I asked of Heaven was to see my beloved daughter united to a worthy man, who may be her protector when she is deprived of mine. You know I by no means approve a single life.—This amiable man promises to be all I can desire; and I think, my dear,” fixing her penetrating eyes on my face, “it is impossible you should have any objections to him. You are now, alas! my only child. Your unfortunate brother”—She burst into tears—“Ah! what misery has he caused me!—“But let me at least,” continued she, “see my Indiana happy, and I will endeavour, unmurmuring, to submit to my fate.—Yes,” repeated she, embracing me, “let me but see you happy, and I shall die in peace.”

I WAS too much affected to answer. She saw my emotions. “I meant not to give you pain, my dear child,” resumed she; “but I think you can have no objections to Mr. Montague. I would not willingly put any constraint on your inclination; but I have this affair  
“greatly



"greatly at heart : yet think not I will avail myself of that authority to which, as a parent, I am intitled. I only intreat you as a friend solicitous for your welfare." "Ah ! madam," cried I, "if the worthy colonel Manly"—"The case is now widely different," interrupted she. "When he addressed you, you were your own mistress : you had no parent to direct your choice ; and when that parent was restored to you, your vow was an obstacle to my wishes. —But now you are free, your affections are disengaged ; at least I would hope so."—Again she fixed her eyes with earnestness on my face. "They are," said I, casting mine down ; "but still I fear Mr. Montague"—"I will not urge you farther on this subject at present," cried she ; "you shall have as much time as you can desire to consider of his proposal. I will trust to your own good sense, to your affection for me, and make no doubt but you will act conformable to my wishes, and your accustomed prudence." So saying, she left me.

AH ! Clara, to what a distressing situation am I reduced ?—"I will not avail myself of the authority which nature gives me," says this dear mother. But does she not know, that her intreaties alone are of equal force ?—If from motives of duty I have been prevailed on to dispense with my sacred vow, may it not too justly be suspected that it was to gratify my own inclination, rather than obedience, if, on a less important occasion, my inclinations refuse to conform to my duty ? I shall even doubt myself, and suspect my own motives, if I do not now, in every other point, yield an implicit obedience.—Yet how, alas ! shall I, in this, ever be able to comply ?—Mr. Montague is amiable in his person,

engaging in his conversation, and, to appearance, has a thousand good qualities. Perhaps they are more than in appearance; but what of that?—My reason, indeed, assents to his worth; yet still my heart is insensible; it will not, it never can return his passion.—Why talk of passion? Are we not told love, according to my, perhaps, too romantic ideas of it, is far from being necessary to insure felicity in the marriage state? If I yield to the persuasion of my friends, though I cannot promise myself happiness, I shall at least have the satisfaction to reflect that I have acted conformable to my duty; and for *happiness*, it is what I have long ceased to expect in this world. Too much misery have I already been the cause of to my indulgent parent. Let me then rather do violence to my heart, than again wound her peace by an unjustifiable obstinacy.—Yet, ah! Clara, what a severe trial is this!—A most welcome and unexpected visitor is below, my amiable friend lady Worthy. I did not know she was returned from Bath. I have great dependance on her advice, and yours too, my dear Mrs. Bevil. Direct me, my friend. I wish, in every instance of my life, to conform to my duty. If you think it demands this painful sacrifice—why then I will endeavour—yes, I must, I will obey its severe dictates.—Adieu.

INDIANA D.

L E T

## LETTER XXXVI.

To the SAME.

LADY Worthy has been here this fortnight. The dreaded Montague has been the continual topic. I have just had an affecting conversation with that lady.—You know she is rather rigid in her notions, and has high ideas of a parent's prerogative. He own, her only son, whose untimely death she still laments, was, as I have heard, a bright example of filial piety. He never, as she has often told me, during his whole life, in one single instance, opposed her inclinations, but yielded an implicit obedience to all her commands.—'Tis not very common for a mother to have so much authority, especially over a son. You may guess, from this, what is her advice in my case. But can you guess what is the consequence of that advice?—Ah! my dear mamma's intreaties, joined to her arguments, have at length prevailed.

I HAVE given my consent to see Mr. Montague, on the footing of a lover. Yes, inexorable duty, I obey thy severe commands—in spite of my heart. It murmurs, but I dare not listen to its dictates. I am endeavouring to reconcile myself to my fate, since it must be so.—I struggle to get the better of my repugnance. I give an attentive ear to the praise of Mr. Montague; and that is a favourite subject with my dear mother.—Lady Worthy too speaks favourably of him, but with her accustomed prudence and moderation.

SHE is intimately acquainted with his family: says his father is a worthy man; his sisters amiable.

able young women; owns, however, Mr. Montague is not without faults and imperfections, like most other gay young men of the present age.

"You must not, my dear," said she, "expect a Sir Charles Grandison; but I hope you will not meet with a Lovelace."

RICHARDSON is, you know, her favourite author; and his are the only writings in the novel-way she approves of.

"I HOPE not," answered I; "but though I must not, as you say, hope to meet with a saint, I trust, at least, Heaven will preserve me from a libertine."

"Mr. Montague is no libertine," returned she, "though he has been guilty of some youthful levities (so in compliance with the common mode of speech I must, I suppose, call them) he never seduced the innocent, nor daringly boasted of his vices. He is, I assure you," continued she, "as the world goes, an unexceptionable young man, or you may depend upon it he should not have found an advocate in me."

"I DARE say he would not," cried mamma; "nor should I be so regardless of my child's happiness, as to plead in his favour, did not his general character convince me he is worthy of my esteem; that esteem a personal acquaintance confirmed."

IN this manner, dear Clara, do those two worthy women endeavour to reconcile me to my fate.—They hardly suffer me to be a moment alone.—'Tis only on my pillow I can find leisure for reflection.—Ah! then, indeed, I make myself a painful amends, and, without restraint, indulge my melancholy thoughts.

MAMMA, in hopes of amusing me, has prevailed on your favourite, Miss Lenox, to spend  
a few



a few weeks at the Grove; imagining the conformity of our age will make her a more agreeable companion than the graver lady Worthy and herself. She is, indeed, an amiable girl; but still she is not my Clara, that dear friend, to whom I can, without reserve, unbosom my heart. Her presence is rather a constraint. I have less leisure for writing, now my only consolation; but I would not oppose mamma's inviting her, knowing her kind motive.—She is now gone out on an airing with lady Worthy.—It was with some difficulty I excused myself from being of the party.

O! MY dear, how painful it is to be obliged to put on an appearance of cheerfulness? to partake of insipid amusements, when the heart is so little at ease? I may now, indeed, truly say, That even in the midst of laughter there is sadness.—I think we have been tormented with more impertinent visitors some days past than we used formerly to be for as many months; or, perhaps, 'tis only the vexation their unseasonable intrusion now gives me, that makes me think so.—O for some peaceful retirement!—Would I were with my dear Fanny. Once I had hopes my life would, like hers, have glided on in calm repose.—Alas! that flattering hope is now vanished. I am once more going—ah! with what reluctance, to launch into the troubled ocean of life. Who knows what storms and tempests I may yet meet with in that uncertain voyage, matrimony?—How few find it a peaceful haven?—Alas! I must take my chance, like those who have ventured before me.

I HAVE gone too far to retract. Mamma has already wrote to Mr. Montague, giving him permission to renew his visits.—I doubt not he will

will soon be here.—These men, when they take a thing in their head, are violently eager and impatient.—I could almost wish lady Worthy had not come. I think mamma would not have been so importunate; nor should I have been hurried in this manner. I don't know how it was; but they talked me into consent, almost without knowing what I was about.—Ah! Clara, how different were my emotions formerly? When the dear—but I dare not think.—Poor Beverly too, what will he now think of that friend on whom he had so much reliance?—Yet, as I could not, nor ever would be his, he has no room to reproach him.—Adieu.

I SEE my friends are returned from their airing. They have hardly been a moment gone, I think.—I hear somebody on the stairs.—Miss Lenox, I suppose—teazing.—Adieu. Adieu. I leave you with reluctance.

Yours ever,

INDIANA DANBY.

L. E. T.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

To INDIANA.

**I** ADMIRE my dear Indiana. You have acted like yourself.—I cannot say more in your praise.—Since the marchioness is so very solicitous to have you married, I think you ought not to have refused your consent.—Take courage, my dear friend : esteem is the most solid foundation : there is no necessity to be absolutely in love—I speak from experience—to insure your happiness.—You once, on an affecting occasion, called yours an exhausted heart ; but I am much mistaken, if the many perfections of your Montague will not, when it is your duty to like him, be able still to awaken it to some degree of tenderness, in return for a passion so fervent as his appears to be.—I have made it my business to inquire into his character. All the world commends him : he is universally esteemed ; and many fair nymphs would deem themselves highly distinguished and happy by his addresses.—I treat this subject with proper gravity.

THERE is great weight in what your mamma says, with regard to colonel Manly. And I may add, that since, though honoured with your warmest friendship, he had not, with all his merit, been able to touch your heart, any more than his rival Montague, you ought, with less reluctance, to accept the latter, because you will not now have the regret of having wounded the peace of your love-sick friend ; which must have been the case, had you been prevailed on to reward his passion.—Now you will have the satisfaction to reflect, when Montague is yours, that you have  
made

made two deserving people happy, instead of one; nay, three, I may more justly say: for our dear colonel writes to Mr. Beville, that he is perfectly reconciled to his lot; and that his growing affection for his amiable wife, has almost totally extinguished a former unhappy attachment. He owns, however, that a still longer absence from the lovely object, will be necessary to compleat his cure.

Now a word or two of your cousin Beverly.—I put you in mind of his relationship, as an excuse for you, in case you should take it into your head to be sorry for his indisposition.—Don't sigh, my dear—but he is really ill, and the physicians have ordered him to Bristol.—They are apprehensive of his going into a consumption.—This he told me himself, on my last visit to his lady and Mrs. Beverly, but treated the affair with his usual gaiety and indifference.—On another subject he was, however, more affectingly grave than I could wish. Lady Caroline's penitentials are pretty well worn off. Her behaviour is not quite what I think it ought to be.

I DON'T know whether your good aunt is of the same opinion with the world, which always worships the rising sun—that world that abandoned her while under an eclipse, she is now as much as ever in favour with. Who would condescend to court its applause, or mourn its censure?

LORD G. has renewed his visits there, by Beverly's approbation. I commend him for it; since he is convinced of her innocence, he acts prudently in shewing people he is so.—Her ladyship is very importunate, Mrs. Beverly tells me, for leave to accompany her lord and master to the Wells; but he as peremptorily refused her request.—His mother was no less solicitous to attend

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him, but he will not hear of it : you know he is a little ungovernable and self-willed. Your aunt, however, is determined to stay in town till his return.—He sets off in a few days. I hope he will receive benefit from his expedition.—He came this morning to take leave of me.—No questions, my dear. I dare not satisfy your curiosity in the present posture of our affairs : it would be highly imprudent.—No, I will not tell you a word he said.—I was greatly affected, and am so still.—His visit has made me most intolerably grave. I know no business I had to write while in this vile humour ; but I was uneasy. I hoped it would relieve my mind ; but it has not, however. I dare not unburthen it with freedom.—Now don't give the reins to your lively imagination.—You shall not think—our poor friend may yet be happy : I would hope so.—Adieu.

I SAID you should not think ; but I retract.—Yes, think on Montague ; think of him from morn till dewy eve ; a summer's day ; and be sure you think of him with approbation.—Once more adieu, my sweet friend ; all happiness attend you.

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T-

## LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

A SHORT respite.—The melancholy cause prevents the joy it would otherwise give me.—Sir Olander Montague is at the point of death. Mamma this morning received a letter from his son. She is highly pleased with him for the tender affection he expresses for his father; and no less with his fervent professions of regard for her Indiana.

THIS event will some time longer delay his dreaded visit. But alas! what avails this short reprieve?—the fatal time will come—no matter; I must submit to my fate.—I am not singular in misfortunes. Ah! I have but too many to keep me in countenance—Poor Beverly!—I am alarmed at what you hint in regard to lady Caroline's behaviour. Should she have deceived us, I shall never forgive myself for having too officiously interested myself in her affairs.

FOR Heaven's sake, be more particular in your next, what part of her conduct is exceptionable.—So soon too—I hope you are mistaken.—Yet now I recollect, there was a sort of levity mixed with her joy, when she joined us after her reconciliation; with which I was not entirely pleased. It was, I thought, at the time, a too sudden transition from one extreme to another.—Happy as we might naturally expect she would be, I yet think a woman of prudence, a woman of sentiment, would not express it as she did.—I may be too critical in my remarks; but I should have imagined a heart, so lately softened with the most poignant grief, could not so suddenly give way to

such

such contrary emotions; especially as she must be sensible it was at best but a reluctant pardon that was granted her.

THIS consideration, I should think, to a sensible mind, must have been an allay to its joy.—Hers looked as if she was more anxious for recovering her reputation, than solicitous to regain her husband's affections.—'Twas doubtless a laudable ambition; but I could not, had I been in her place, have been so wild with joy with that prospect alone, except I had likewise seen more encouraging hopes of the other.

THIS, you know, was not at that time the case.—Beverly seemed rather to yield to my intreaties, than to any favourable impression she had made by her submissions.—A circumstance that would have wounded my delicacy, and effectually dampt my transports, had I been his wife.

I DO not, with you, approve of lord G.'s renewed intimacy. Mr. Beverly might have seen him; but I think, after so fatal an affair, and the knowledge she has of his libertine character, his lady ought not—I wonder how she could prevail on herself to admit him.—I should, doubtless, have endeavoured to forgive him, as my duty required; but after he had so cruelly injured my fame—allowing he had no intention of doing it—after he had endangered the life of my husband, I think I never could have endured him in my sight.—At best, he was unpardonably wanting in the respect to which, as a virtuous woman, she was intitled, when he dared to make use of her house for his scandalous rendezvous.—I never could have pardoned such an indignity.

DON'T accuse me of severity or prudery, my dear Clara. I should not merit your esteem,  
could

could I treat a subject like this without expressing a proper resentment. I hope I am not naturally uncharitable; and yet I cannot help entertaining some doubts.

WHY did not lady Caroline persevere in her request? Had I been his wife, I would not have taken a denial. How could she consent to their separation, ill as you tell me he is?—Perhaps she may never see him more—poor Beverly!—Yet even his mother could not, it seems, prevail on him to let her accompany him.—I know he is, as you say, obstinate and self-willed.

I MUST tell you that I am grown rather peevish.—My temper is quite ruined.—I don't know what is the matter with me; but I have been very unlike myself within these few days.—Shall I accuse Miss Lenox?—She is sometimes unreasonably gay.—I cannot bear that from anybody but my Clara.—Here she is—dear girl. I believe, after all, she means only to amuse me.—I have not done her justice—I ought to ask pardon: I am sometimes a little petulant.—Once you used to admire my patience.—Ah! my dear, I think I have lately quite lost that amiable virtue. My letter will convince you I have but too much reason to make this humiliating confession.—Adieu.

HIDE me, my friend: I feel I deserve it. Do not spare my faults; 'tis a well meant freedom which we have ever taken with each other: but with all my faults, I may boast of my constant friendship for my Clara. Hers I am, and ever will be, while Indiana Danby. Nor shall any change of name, should that dreaded time ever arrive, diminish my esteem.

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## L E T T E R XXXIX.

TO INDIANA.

**S**HALL I chide you, my dear? Come then—No. I positively cannot.—I am more inclined to laugh.—O, Indiana, Indiana! we women, even the very best of us, are—but I won't enlarge on the subject. I won't humble you.—I know you have, by this time, called yourself to account for your pretty, censorious, peevish letter.—I have burnt it, child. 'Tis the only one of your dear epistles that has met with so severe a fate—I design that the rest be immortal.—

BUT after all, my dear, don't be too much mortified though. I think you have made the most of the single hint I dropped in my last; and you did not use to be so very ready in censuring: yet don't be too much mortified, I say.—I will, to put you a little into conceit with yourself, give you a proof that you have a competent share of sagacity.—I again repeat it; lady Caroline's behaviour is not at all the thing I could wish.—Mrs. Beverly called upon me yesterday morning; told me she was to spend the day at our good friend the bishop's.—

“Now, my dear Mrs. Beville,” continued she, “it would be an act of charity in you, if you would be so good as to pay a visit to lady Caroline, in my absence. She is not well, or I should not have gone without her.—The poor thing is so afflicted at her husband's illness, that I find it a difficult matter to keep her in any degree of spirits. It was with reluctance I left her; but my friends would take no denial.—I did not tell her I would endeavour  
“to



“ to procure her the pleasure of your company.  
 “ She said she would be denied to every body :  
 “ but you, my dear Mrs. Bevill, need not doubt  
 “ a ready, a joyful admittance.”

“ I WILL very chearfully comply with your  
 “ request,” returned I. “ We have company  
 “ to dinner ; but the moment they leave us, I’ll  
 “ wait on her.”

ACCORDINGLY, without sending—that I  
 thought a needless ceremony—I, about six o’clock,  
 got into my chair, work in my pocket, imagining  
 it would be a sober conversation visit, and gave  
 orders to be carried to Mr. Beverly’s—a loud rap  
 —the porter made his appearance.

“ Is your lady at home ?” asked my servant.—

HE approached to see who it was—then, with  
 a grave face, answered “ No.”—

“ O, very well,” said I : “ but shew me to  
 “ your lady, nevertheless”——Her Abigail, a  
 faithful creature—O, I make no doubt of it—  
 now hurried to the door. She curtesied, blushed,  
 and stammered out what I did not distinctly hear :  
 for without asking any more questions, I tripped  
 into the house, and up to the drawing-room so  
 quick, that the servants had not time to announce  
 my visit.—I had composed my countenance to a  
 proper gravity, not doubting but I should find  
 the sorrowful Caroline reclined on her couch ;  
 her streaming eyes bathed in tears.—I whisked  
 open the door, when lo ! instead of the mournful  
 scene I expected would be exhibited to my view,  
 a crowd of beaux and belles ; her ladyship seated  
 on a couch, lord G. close at her elbow ; the for-  
 mer expressing that affliction, with which she was  
 said to be oppressed, by loud bursts of laughter ;  
 but my sudden and unlooked-for appearance  
 quickly damped their mirth.—I never saw a crea-

ture

ture look so foolish. She rather started, than rose from her seat, on my entrance; blushed, faltered, and appeared in the highest confusion.—

“ I THOUGHT you had been indisposed, lady “ Caroline,” said I, with meaning in my looks. —“ I am glad to find Mrs. Beverly was mis- “ taken.”—

“ I WAS a little indisposed this morning,” said she, colouring.—

“ I CONGRATULATE you on your sudden re- “ covery,” interrupted I, with an archness that was perfectly intelligible to her.—I took my seat. —There were two or three card tables.—

HER ladyship, faltering, asked me, if I chose to make one of the party?—I excused myself.— She was vexed to death, as I could see—my pre- sence was a visible restraint both on her and her swain. Though he has a competent share of what is called modest assurance, yet he was in no little embarrassment, nor knew how to act, and lost a good deal of his natural confidence under my scrutinizing eyes.—I fixed them stedfastly on lady Caroline, while I asked when she heard from Mr. Beverly, and how he was?—

“ O VERY ill, I fear!” returned she, affect- ing to sigh.—

“ VERY ill?” repeated I, with a satirical smile. “ Oh! then I do not wonder at your “ low spirits: but you must not be suffered to “ indulge them.”

“ You are perfectly right, Madam,” cried lord G. “ ’tis what I am continually remonstrat- ing against.”—

“ I DARE say you are, my lord,” said I; “ and “ I hope with success.”—The creature had the grace to blush; and lady Caroline, finding I was determined to disturb their agreeable tête-à-tête, of

of two evils chose the least; and therefore sat down to cards.—There passed, however, some sly and significant glances between her and her beaux, which I did not much approve of.—

THE wretch, a little relieved from his embarrassment, by her absence, now began to pour out a torrent of common-place compliments—but I was in no humour to listen with complacency.—I rallied him with so much severity, that I effectually put him to silence—nay, even put him to flight.—He left me, and placed himself behind one of the ladies chairs, who sat facing his Dulcinea.

DISAGREEABLE as the visit was, I yet determined to stay till the assembly broke up, which I presumed would not be late, as her ladyship, I made no doubt, would choose to dismiss them before Mrs. Beverly's return.—Indeed they were not such guests as our friend would have been much pleased with; for though women of fashion, some of them were of a doubtful character.—How imprudent is this infatuated woman?—I half repent—but never mind, child, we did it for the best.—

As I guess'd, the insignificant crowd dispersed before nine.—I stayed some time after; and, like a grave matron as I am, treated the giddy Caroline with a very notable lecture.—She affected to be wondrous grateful for my advice; but there was a visible impatience in her looks and now and then an incommodious yawn struggled for vent; but she made shift, by screwing up her mouth, and applying her salts, to keep them down.—To say the truth, had she suffered them to escape, I found no small inclination to keep her in countenance.—

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I FOUND myself but ill qualified for the grave character I had assumed; but was resolved to do my duty.—At last, I relieved both her and myself, by putting an end to the insipid visit.—

I SPOKE of it to Bevill, when I got home: he was both surprized and alarmed at her imprudence.—

“THERE is no hope of her reformation,” cried he. “I wish, from my soul, Beverly was fairly rid of her; but I fear she has too much cunning ever again to give him so favourable an opportunity as he lately had. Would to Heaven we had never intermeddled in the affair!—Yet, far am I from disapproving what my Clara has done. I know her generous motives, and admire her for it: but ’tis a thousand pities so noble a fellow should have been thrown away on a creature so unworthy.”—

“AND who but himself was to blame?” returned I. “He is justly punished for his inconstancy to my angel friend; ’tis fit some of you male wretches should now and then be made an example of, to deter the rest.”—

“BUT is not the punishment rather too severe?” said he.—

“NOT one gram,” cried my ladyship.—

“MY Clara is more indulgent to the foibles of her own sex, or lady Caroline”—

“UNDOUBTEDLY I am,” interrupted I.

“There are a thousand excuses for us, the weaker vessels; but you, lords of the creation, who arrogantly pretend to such superior wisdom, ought to set us better examples. Consider too, that Beverly’s fault was aggravated, because committed against perfection itself—but his helpmate’s only against a frail erring mortal like herself.”—



"We will drop the argument," said he, smiling—"I shall only add, Alas, poor Beverly!"

I COMPASSIONATELY echoed, "Poor Beverly, indeed!"—And now, my dear, without making any apology for this packet of trifles, I bid you adieu.

CLARA BEVILL.



# LETTER XL.

TO HENRY BEVERLY, Esq;

Honoured Sir,

**T**IS the first time I ever felt any reluctance in obeying your honour's commands.—It grieves me to say any thing against my lady: but you ordered me to speak truth, and I dare not disobey your orders. I am sure it has been a heart-breaking thing to me, who have lived in your honour's family so long, and to whom, not only your honour, but your honour's father, has been so kind a master, to see how things are going in your absence.—

LITTLE did I think, when you went abroad upon your travels, and took your faithful old man, as you used to call me, along with you, that so fine, so promising a young gentleman, as you then was, would meet with so sad a lot. Pardon me, your honour, but my heart will over-flow, and I cannot help it.—I am unwilling to come to the sad subject; though your honour half guessed how



how matters were before you went, or to be sure you would not have given me the instructions you did; and my good lady, your honour's mother, is not likely to grieve you with the account which I am forced to send you: and to be sure, Madam has cunning enough to keep the worst of her doings from our knowledge, though I believe she sees more than she likes; but she does not care to take notice of it, hoping things may not be so bad: but to be sure there is strange doings when she is out of the way. His lordship is here very often; and then Mrs. Warner bustles about, and takes care to keep all the servants busy: but this is not all.—I have seen Mrs. Jenny, as your honour bid me. So in the way of discourse, I brought in about the wicked affair that she had such a hand in; and so after one thing and another—

“O! Mr. John,” cried she, “I wish I had always known what I do now, things would not have been carried as they have been.”—

“How do you mean?” said I.—

“WHY,” she answered, “your lady is an ungrateful woman, and a vile one too; and I care not if she knew I said so.”—

“WHY, sure, Mrs. Jenny, you cannot think so, after what you confessed to his honour?”—

“I’LL tell you what, friend,” said she, “I have met with such ungrateful treatment, both from her, and the most deceitful of men, that if they do not quickly change their behaviour, I shall soon make a very different confession.—They think now they have carried their point with me, and made me countenance their pretty story, they have no more to fear; but they may find themselves mistaken.—I little

"thought, after what had happened, that she  
 "would have been so daring as to renew her in-  
 "trigue with him."——

"TAKE care what you say, Mrs. Jenny,"  
 said I; "you may come to suffer for giving your  
 "tongue such scandalous liberties.—I suppose you  
 "are jealous of his lordship; but no body will  
 "now believe you, when you so often change  
 "your note."——

"JEALOUS!" cried she; "no, no; there is  
 "nothing of that in the case, I assure you—  
 "Your lady well knew my character when she  
 "took me to live with her. I was a convenient  
 "cloak; but I'll let her know, ere long, that  
 "I'll be paid for the wearing.—She made me  
 "large promises, and now pretends she has  
 "not in her power to fulfil them. She had bet-  
 "ter be less extravagant; and instead of gaming  
 "away her money, bestow it on one who has  
 "it in her power, either to save or blast her re-  
 "putation."——

"You surprize me, Mrs. Jenny," said I. "I  
 "would not that his honour should know"——

"But I would that he should," interrupted  
 she; "and I tell you again, he shall ere long  
 "I have not enjoyed a moment's peace since  
 "joined in their abominable falsehood.—I wish  
 "your master had not been out of town, that  
 "would not then have had me so much in the  
 "power."——

"I WAS at first determined to tell the truth  
 "but they promised wonders, and wrought  
 "on my easy nature, that I could not find  
 "my heart to deny them. His Lordship of-  
 "fered me a handsome settlement; Madam  
 "vowed to make my fortune; so solicitous was  
 "she to preserve her reputation—but 'tis ea-

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" talking. I shall know how to trust them for  
 " the future.

" IT is true, at the time, I received considerable sums, but still no certain provision; and  
 " now they put me off from day to day, believing,  
 " that as both the world and Mr. Beverly  
 " are persuaded of her innocence, they have no  
 " more to fear; but I'll shew them the difference  
 " —only let me know when he comes to town.

" I AM sorry to have wronged so fine a gentleman. It is not, however, yet too late to  
 " repair my fault. Perhaps he has yet some  
 " doubt of his Lucretia, [meaning my lady, I  
 " suppose] and set you on to talk to me. If he  
 " did, you may tell him what I said—I care not  
 " who knows it; for I am sure it is nothing but  
 " the truth, and I am ready to take my oath of  
 " it."—

So having heard all I wanted to know, I took  
 my leave; and as soon as I got home, sat down  
 to write this account to your honour. And now  
 waiting your farther commands, I humbly subscribe myself your honour's

most faithful

and obedient Servant,

JOHN BROWN.

## LETTER XLI.

To JOHN BROWN.

Honest John,

**I** AM much pleased with your diligence and fidelity.—I am obliged to you for your care, and shall not fail to reward you.—I do not hint this as if I thought you acted from mercenary motives. I know you will esteem yourself sufficiently rewarded in the consciousness of having done your duty. You have ever merited my favour, but are now more than ever entitled to it.—You know I make it a rule to provide comfortably for those of my domesticks who have, by living long in my family, and manifesting their fidelity, proved themselves deserving of it, when old age renders them unfit for service: you are eminently intitled to that mark of distinction, and may depend on a genteel provision for your future life, whether you choose to continue with me, or become your own master.—

BUT one thing more, honest John: you must pay another visit to Mrs. Jenny, and tell her my return is uncertain. Ask her if she is willing to come to me at Bristol; she shall be amply rewarded for her trouble. There is no time to be lost. I shall never rest till I come at the bottom of this cursed affair. Mean time, you may continue to keep a sharp look out.—You understand me.—

MY father warmly recommended you to my favour; and you have proved yourself worthy of his recommendation. Farewell, honest John. Be faithful, be secret.—

HENRY BEVERLY.

L E T.

## LETTER XLII.

To Mrs. BEVERLY.

Dear Madam,

I BEG the favour of you to return immediately to the Grove. I fear lady Caroline is unworthy of your generous countenance, and my reluctantly as it was granted pardon.—I would not have you stay in town; you will only be made uneasy. I do not wish you to be there when I return.—By heavens, I will no longer be imposed upon. I will have justice—Don't be alarmed. Little as I value this worthless life, I will yet have some regard to its preservation on your account. Be under no apprehensions therefore; I give you my promise to act with discretion. I will endeavour to govern my too impetuous temper; but, I repeat it, I will have justice one way or other.—I hardly know what I write: I am half distracted. Surely never wretch was born to so severe a fate!—

O! THE obdurate, lovely, cruel Indiana!—if she resigns herself to the arms of another, by all that's good and sacred—Pardon me, dear Madam; I am continually making you uneasy, and yet, from my inmost soul, I wish to see you happy; for never son felt more affection for a parent than your

HENRY BEVERLY.



## LETTER XLIII.

To Lord G.

**W**HAT am I to think of your failing in your engagement? Unkind. Do you presume on my indulgence?—I cannot bear the least appearance of slight from you, my Lord, for whose sake I have—Ah! let me not think what I have done.—You ought now to redouble your tenderness and assiduity: I want it all to support my spirits in my present condition. I should absolutely go distracted, were it not for the dependance I have on my faithful Warner. Beverly's absence is a convenient circumstance, thank Heaven! My morose duenna too has at last left me, and left me in displeasure—but that little affected me. 'Tis a shrewd old dowager. I half fear we have not been so discreet as we ought to have been. For Heaven's sake, let us be more cautious for the future. You know the infinite value I set upon my reputation.—Ah! my lord, but for my husband's abominable attachment to another, and your too seducing charms, I need never have been in danger of losing it. But what woman could tamely bear the treatment I have received? Thousands have erred without half my provocation.—

I WILL no longer admit your visits here; we may more safely and conveniently meet at Warner's sister's. The pious old dowager dropped some alarming hints. I asked, but you may believe rather faintly, for leave to accompany her to the Grove—sternly denied. The sternness I could have dispensed with; but the denial was perfectly agreeable.—Good soul, why all this anger?

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ger?—Could she really expect I should feel no resentment for wrongs like mine? She's much mistaken; I am not so very tame a wife.—

LET me see you this evening, my lord, at the place I mentioned.—If you fail me again—but surely you will not. I have a thousand things to say, to consult with you about.—The fatal time draws near; good Heaven, how I dread it!—I must deny myself to all company, lest they should be tempted to guess what it is of the utmost consequence to conceal.—The retired life I shall for some time be compelled to lead, will have a good appearance in the eyes of the world. They'll think, no doubt, 'tis owing to my prudence, now my chaperon has left me, and my good man is from home. Your declining any future visits, will confirm their favourable opinion.—I shall be esteemed a miracle of virtue. I wish so unfashionable a conduct may not, however, injure me in the opinion of the Beau Monde, where discretion is so little in vogue.—

YOUR alarming note is this moment brought me.—Jenny gone off!—good Heavens! then she will put her horrid threats in execution.—We are betrayed, ruined, and undone. I know the malice of that vile creature.—We have acted imprudently in not more firmly securing her in our interest. I see the fatal consequence of her elopement.—What is to be done? She is gone to Beverly, I make no doubt. She will confess all. I die at the thought.—My reputation—O, Heavens! shall I then, again, be exposed to infamy and public shame? I have no mercy to expect, no friends now to plead for me. No; I will not put them to the trial; nor shall they triumph over my fall. I will not stay to be insulted.—

LET us fly, my Lord. I claim your promise: you are my only dependance; be my protector.

I will go with you to the farthest corner of the world; only hide me from my enemies, and incensed husband. My tears flow.—To what a wretched alternative am I reduced? But if I must be branded with infamy, let me at least be out of the reach—

O! I cannot proceed. Fatal love! why did I yield to thy influence? But 'tis too late to repent; nor can I, since 'tis for you I suffer.—Be generous, my Lord: a passion like mine—what return does it not merit?—Hasten to the place of rendezvous; we have no time to lose.—There is an absolute necessity, at least for my flight.—But will you not accompany me? Surely you will. Who knows how soon the incensed Beverly may return? I would not see him for the universe. I am all distraction and horror. Warner has already received orders to prepare for my departure. I cannot stay in England.—

WHAT will my mother say, who was with so much difficulty reconciled to me? My family dishonoured!—Ah! that is the least part of my affliction.—Let me but find a lover, a protector in you, my dear G. and I'll bid defiance to fortune and all her frowns.—I shall be with you in less than an hour. Prepare to receive me with tenderness, or you must expect to be witness to the death of your unhappy

CAROLINE BEVERLY.

Curse on that name! Would I had never known it!

L E T-

## LETTER XLIV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

AT length, my dear Clara, the dreaded man is come. His father is dead: he is now Sir George Montague:—Vain distinction! How little weight has his title with me? From mamma he met with the most gracious reception—Lady Worthy too, and my dear Mrs. Beverly, who is at last returned to us, do justice to his merit; nor am I insensible of it: but alas! my refractory heart—why do I talk of that?—hearts are now out of the question.—I listen only to my duty; nor expect happiness from any other source, but having contributed to that of others.—This, they assure me, I have.—Now I patiently—how can I help myself, listen to his addresses.—You know my promises extended no farther—but ah! my dear, I could not hope they would be satisfied with that. No. I foresaw the consequence. Nothing but my marrying will satisfy my beloved mother.—Be it so; I submit to my fate, weary of contending: yet had I known—perhaps it is better as it is—I could not have done justice to his passion.

MAY the deserving Manly be happy—I hope he is so—What you say is just: though I had more friendship for him, he made not a deeper impression on my heart than this Montague.—It is equally insensible to both.—I think I am a proof that 'tis possible, contrary to the general opinion, to love more than once: but to love a third time—no, Clara, that I find, with me at least, is indeed impossible.—

MRS. BEVERLY is very reserved in regard to lady Caroline; but I suspect she does not possess any

any great share in her esteem.—I do not choose to enter upon the subject, as she takes manifest pains to avoid it. I depend on my Clara for information. I fear there has been some fresh misunderstanding.—Try to find out the cause. No more chiding, my dear. Believe me I am, and have all along been, perfectly disinterested.—You know my heart, and cannot doubt the truth of this.—

I AM engaged in a continual round of amusements. You charge me not to think.—There's little fear I should; they will not permit me, were I ever so much inclined to it. Miss Lenox never leaves me a moment. The dear girl is officiously teasing. Mr. Montague too has a fertile invention, and is every day proposing and engaging us in some parties of pleasure, as they are called.—Perhaps some of our acquaintance may really find them so. I, however, am not one of that number; but 'tis necessary to disguise my sentiments. You used to say I had no talents for hypocrisy.—You would think otherwise, were you now a witness of my behaviour.—

MISS LENOX tells me she half envies me; that Montague is the sweetest man alive: that is her expression.—I really believe she thinks so.—Were he a favoured lover, I should have some room to be jealous; but as matters stand, the distinction she honours him with, does not in the least affect me: and, indeed, love is, I believe, so serious a passion, that it produces gravity, even in the most lively dispositions. There is never much of it between people who can laugh, rally and trifle with each other, as is the case with Miss Lenox and him.

OUR sweet Fanny discovered herself to be my rival, by far different symptoms. Ah! would to Heaven



Heaven I durst flatter myself this gay girl were so, if, at the same time, I saw any reason to believe she would prove a favoured one. I am sure Sir George would make a happy exchange; for she might—but alas! I never can return his passion.—Her fortune too, her accomplishments, her person—But why indulge myself in those groundless suppositions, for which I have not the least foundation? The man, my dear, is more violent than ever in his professions of love. By a strange caprice, the greater obstacles we have to surmount, the more eager are we in the pursuit.—I am weary of the disagreeable subject.—Adieu, my dear Clara. O that you were here! How much do I stand in need of your consolatory presence! but I dare not hope for it.—

Yours ever,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T

## L E T T E R XLV.

To the Same.

**J**OY to my dear friend.—Thank Heaven, the important event is happily over. Mr. Beville—O! with what transport! informs us, in his letter to Mrs. Beverly, that you are as well, nay better, than could be expected, and the dear little babe too.—I sincerely congratulate you on your growing felicity, on the increase of those sweet pledges of your mutual love—those endearing bonds which more firmly unite you to each other.—I partake in your happiness. Alas! I have played the prodigal with my own, and must now be indebted to others for the little share I may hereafter hope for.

My doom is fixed. Yes, I have at last yielded to the importunity of my friends; next Monday—What have I done? Have I really given my consent?—but let me not think. I cannot. I am fallen into a kind of stupefaction. I never was in so strange a way. I am hardly alive. I do not weep. I do not complain. I do not remonstrate; but am entirely passive. They consult me about the horrid preparation: I make no answer—they have all their own way.—O! how unimportant to me are those trifles, about which they make such a bustle!—

I THINK I heard them say, the wedding is to be a splendid, a public one.—As they please.—My dear mother is so busy, so alert, so delighted—Miss Lenox has taken upon her to choose my wedding cloaths. I am sure I have no choice.—Lady Worthy talks of jewels and fine equipage; and the man, the dreaded man, torments me with

with his officious tenderness.—'Thus every one are employed as inclination leads them—all but unhappy me.—I wander up and down the hou'e like a melancholy ghost seeking rest, but finding none.—

ONE of the Miss Montagues is with us. I had almost forgot to mention her. 'Tis indeed of no great consequence.—Yet, to do her justice, she's a most amiable girl, and assiduously endeavours to cultivate my friendship.—I should like her, were it possible, in my present situation of mind, to like any thing—She is remarkably grave, but not reserved; sensible, engaging, and extremely handsome; perfectly idolizes her brother. He has, it seems, acted in an uncommonly generous manner with regard to their fortunes.—The father's will gave a proof of his too great partiality for his eldest son, but he has made them amends.—

MISS LENOX has lost a little of her usual vivacity. She says I have infected her with my low spirits.—I wish the change may not proceed from a different cause—I should not be surprized. Sir George, to do him justice, is handsome and engaging, and some hearts are but too susceptible. He has resource to her agreeable and lively conversation for relief, when my cruelty, as he thinks fit to call it, has made him uneasy; and she is very ready to do all in her power to console him—O! that—I will not utter the fruitless wish.—'Tis impossible; there is not time—they hurry every thing on with such precipitation.—Monday! the fatal Monday!—a few days only—and what shall I be?—Wretched.—

MISS MONTAGUE is here.—She apologizes for her intrusion. She is sweetly amiable: I cannot refuse her my company.—Adieu for the present.

## IN CONTINUATION.

I HAVE nothing material to add: yet permit me to write, dear Clara, 'tis my only relief.—But let me not renew my complaints: I will talk of others, since of myself I cannot, without increasing my grief.—I have been engaged in a serious, not the less agreeable to me for that, tête-à-tête with the lovely Miss Montague. I find she will at length compel me to be more than indifferent to her obliging caresses.—I think I can now, in some measure, account for her gravity, which was a little surprising in a person so young and amiable. I have reason to believe it is not her natural temper. It gives, however, an engaging softness to her manner.—But how, you ask, do I account for it?—Why, my dear, in the course of our conversation, Beverly was mentioned—I sighed through pity; she, I fear, from a different cause, she blushed too.—His friendship for her brother made him a frequent visiter at their house. She said he was extremely amiable, and again she sighed.—There was a sort of consciousness in her manner. She durst not raise her eyes while she spoke of him, and appeared embarrassed and uneasy—To relieve her I changed the subject; for I felt not any impertinent curiosity to dive into her secrets.—

AH! my dear Clara, if the charming girl loves him, how sincerely do I pity her!—A hopeless passion, what can be more dreadful? She is worthy of a better fate.—I am summoned to dinner.—Adieu.—The dear Miss Montague is unhappy—but how much more so is

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

## LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

Sunday, five o'clock.

**I** DID not use to be so particular in naming the hour: but ah! Clara, every moment of my dear prized freedom is precarious to me, and now deserves my attention. How soon shall I be deprived of it?—To-morrow.—Why did I take up my pen?—I cannot write—What a load do I feel at my heart, while every one round me is rejoicing at the near prospect of what they choose to call my felicity?—I thought this employment would relieve my tortured mind; but it will not do. I can settle to nothing.—Oh! why are you not here? Your presence would be a consolation to me.—Vain wish—I cannot even write in my present condition.—Mr. Montague shews his tenderness and assiduity.—I am ungrateful.—My friends, he tells me, are impatient at my absence.—He ventured to come in search of me.—Would I not condescend to oblige him with my dear company?—Yes, I must; for to what purpose should I avoid him?—Adieu, adieu, my best loved friend; 'tis, alas! the last time I shall ever have the pleasure of subscribing myself by the name of

INDIANA DANBY.

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## LETTER XLVII.

To Lady MONTAGUE.

WHAT would the woman be at? I tell you I will write. Mind your little nursing. I won't be teased—Are the people distracted? Why, what harm can it do me?—I am as well as ever I was in my life.—Lord help those fidgeting over-officious souls. Do they think I am made of egg-shells?—I am half angry with Bevill; he is as great a fool as the best of them.—Well then, honest man, if you must have your way---write for me---a few lines only, to tell my Indiana that---that I have a thousand things to say to her.---Bevill---One at a time, if you please.---Assure her of my warmest congratulations; of my kindest, my most affectionate wishes for her happiness.---Bevill---'Tis down---Pho---I would not give a fig for such an amanuensis. I hate your vile laconic style.---Well then, my dear Clara, give me leave to speak for myself.---Well, take your own way of wording it: but try, for once, to say something to the purpose.---Bevill---You find, Madam, she is still the same saucy charmer she ever was.---Her illness has not damped her spirits. Don't you think I spoil her with too much indulgence?---I am half inclined to change my plan, when she is in a condition to bear it.---What says her lovely friend? Does she not deserve it, for the pretty airs she gives herself to me, her lord and master?---There will be no governing her else.---Nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but setting off for the Grove the moment she received your last letter. She has talked of nothing but that journey ever since.——

I assure

I assure you, Madam, I will, with pleasure, accompany her there, the moment she is in a condition to travel. I wish impatience may not retard her recovery.——

Now, Madam, let me, with more seriousness, offer my congratulations on your being at last prevailed on to gratify the earnest wishes of your friends.---I pray Heaven it may be the source of much felicity both to them and you.---I trust it will. Sir George has a thousand good qualities.——

MRS. BEVILL——O, be sure you tell her about the vile Caroline.—I had better leave that to you, my dear. Scandal is said to be a subject particularly adapted to the female pen. I fear I shall make but a bungling hand of it.—Wretch! —In obedience to her commands, I must tell you, Madam, that lady Caroline is indeed a vile woman, and has artfully deceived us; but she has, at length, thrown off the mask, and now appears in her true colours.

THE countess, her mother, is quite outrageous; so is her incensed family, whom she has so shamefully dishonoured.—Mr. Beverly is not yet returned from Bristol, and must, I imagine, be ignorant of what has happened in his absence.—'Tis a most unaccountable affair.

WHAT could tempt her to go off, as she has done, with lord G. when she so lately gave a proof how anxious she was to preserve her reputation?—It was with that view only she practised her too successful arts, and invented that plausible tale which induced us to pity and engage in her cause.---Clara is of opinion I should write, to inform Mr. Beverly of the affair. 'Tis an ungrateful task; he will know it but too soon: I cannot think of making him uneasy, ill as he is still said to

to be. It might have fatal consequences; especially on one of his rash and impetuous temper.--- I pity him from my soul. Surely he deserved a better fate.---

THE vile woman gave it out, amongst her acquaintance, that she was going to Bristol at Mr. Beverly's request. This appeared so natural, that numbers of people still believe her there.--- But no more of this disagreeable subject.--- 'Tis unseasonable at a time when I would hope you are a partaker of that joy which you have diffused over so many worthy hearts.--- Long, long may that joy continue and increase, is the sincere and fervent wish of your---Mrs. Bevill---My name first, if you please, good Sir,

CLARA BEVILL.

And no less so that of your most obedient servant,

JOHN BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER XLVIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

Dear Madam,

**T**O me is allotted the melancholy task of informing you of a most fatal event.—All your friends here are in the utmost affliction.—No wonder.—You, I doubt not, will be equally so, when you know what has happened.—A melancholy task, as I before said; but it would be impossible to conceal it long from your knowledge.—Be secret, however.—A needless caution to one of your discretion. I hasten to the unhappy affair.—

LAST Sunday, the day before that important one to your lovely friend, since it was fixed on for the celebration of her nuptials with the amiable Montague—Last Sunday evening, I say, Miss Danby withdrew from a large circle of her friends, to write, as she told me, to her dear Mrs. Bevill.—Sir George, impatient at her absence, whispered the marchioness, who, smiling, nodded her head, as assenting to his request.—He immediately went in quest of his beloved, and, in a few moments, returned, leading the charming maid, pleasure sparkling in his eyes, while he placed himself by her, and poured forth the overflowing of his enamoured heart.

EVERY one was delighted at the sweet modesty of her manner, and every one declared they were formed for each other.—She was a little embarrassed

embarrassed at so many eyes being fixed on her.—I saw her confusion, and to divert their attention, ran to the harpsicord.—

“WE are all very solemn, methinks,” cried I; “what say you to a sprightly air or two, by way of raising our spirits?—for Musick has charms”——

I SAT down to the instrument—our friend was pleased with the motion. She arose, and placed herself behind my chair.—Miss Montague stood by her. The Marchioness beckoned to Sir George, who took a seat near her’s, and they entered into conversation.—Complacency in her looks, gratitude and respect in his.—

THUS were we engaged, when a servant entered, and delivered a note to Miss Danby.—She read it with emotion; when whispering Miss Montague, they both left the room.—

IN a few moments the same servant again made his appearance, and approaching the Marchioness, “My young lady, Madam,” said he, “begs you will not be uneasy at her absence. She will soon return, and then inform your ladyship why she was obliged to leave the company so abruptly.”——

“You brought her a letter. just now?” returned she.—

“YES, Madam.”——

“Who delivered it to you?”——

“A SERVANT, as I think, in colonel Manly’s livery,” answered the man.—

“VERY well,” said the Marchioness.—He bowed and left the room.

“I AM impatient to know the contents of the note,” cried Mrs. Beverly. “Surely Mrs. Manly is not come back. I fear some misfortune has happened to our worthy friend.”

“I AM



"I AM no less desirous of an explanation," said the Marchioness: "but we must have patience; 'tis in vain to form any conjectures. My daughter will soon return, and then our curiosity will be satisfied. Go on with your musick, Miss Lenox," continued she; "it will make the time appear less tedious."

I OBEYED her commands; but I did not perform with much spirit.—I don't know how to account for it, but I had a kind of presentiment that some misfortune had befallen our friend.—Sir George was not more at ease. He could not settle a moment in a place. He walked up and down the room, impatience in his looks; rang the bell every moment, to know if she was returned.—At last the door opened.

EVERY eye was eagerly turned towards it, when, behold, a servant pale and trembling stammered out, "O! Madam, my lady"—

"WHAT of your lady?" cried Sir George, and sprung to the door.

"YOUR honour's sister," resumed the servant, "is just brought in almost lifeless. She was found in the park in that condition, by two of the maids, who happened to be passing that way, but nobody knows what is become of Miss Danby."

SIR GEORGE hardly stayed to hear him out. Distraction was in his looks. He rushed by the fellow.—The poor Marchioness and Mrs. Beverly made an attempt to follow him; but the former sunk again, almost fainting, into her chair.—Her sister hurried to her assistance, though in reality she was almost in the same condition.

NEVER was there a scene of so much confusion; every one running contrary ways, yet hardly knowing where they were going.—I found myself

self in Miss Montague's apartment. She was just recovered from a swoon.—

"O, Miss Lenox!" cried she, on seeing me, "what a dreadful accident!"—

"For Heaven's sake explain yourself," said

I. "What is the matter?"—

"SHE is forcibly carried off," returned she.

"A too successful, a villainous plot has been

formed against her.—But read that letter. I

cannot enough compose myself to give you the

particulars."

I TOOK it, and read as follows.

"O, MY dear and ever amiable friend, after

all your kind endeavours for my happiness, to

what a wretched state am I reduced? Come

to me, if you have the least compassion for

the unfortunate.—I arrived but a few hours

since at my aunt's, dead with fatigue and

grief."

"O, COME to me, I beseech you. I have

a melancholy story to tell you.—I can hardly

hold my pen. How will you be able to make

out the meaning of this scrawl? My hand

trembles.—Let none of your family know I

am returned. 'Tis necessary they should not,

as I will inform you, when I see you. I have

sent my chaise. Pray oblige me. My heart

is oppressed. I long to ease it of its burthen,

by pouring out my grief into your sympathi-

zing bosom.—Adieu.—Your unhappy, but

ever affectionate

ARABELLA MANLY."

"AND what am I to think of this letter?" said I, turning to Miss Montague.—

"THAT

"THAT it is wrote by some artful villain," returned she, "to get your lovely friend into his power."——

"AH has he succeeded?" cried I.——

"AH! too sure he has," answered Miss Montague.—"You know I accompanied her, when she left the room, on the receipt of the vile note.—It was her request I should.——

"My dear Miss Montague, said she, when we got into the hall, shall I beg the favour of you to go with me to Mrs. ——: an unfortunate friend of mine is at her house, and has sent for me. I am not at liberty to tell you who it is. She cautions me to be secret; but I should wish you to accompany me. You may stay with the old lady, while I attend my friend in her own apartment.—Will you go, my dear?"——

"WITH all my heart," answered I.——

"O COME then," resumed Miss Danby, "there is no time to be lost;" and immediately sent for the servant who brought the note.—— He came.—"Where is the chaise?"——

"AT the park gate, Madam," answered he.

"SHE asked no more questions; but taking me by the arm, we hastened to the place, the man following.—He opened the carriage.—My friend got in.—I was going to follow, but the man stopped me, and hastily pushed to the door.—What does the fellow mean? said I. I am to accompany Miss Danby.—

"You are not, indeed, Madam," cried he; and added, "Drive on."——

"INDIANA screamed, and attempted to get out again, but the wretch held the door.—I  
VOL. IV. I "called

"called for assistance.—Another man, not in li-  
"very, now made his appearance."—

"O, SIR, I thought you would never come,"  
said the servant. "He made no answer, but  
"leapt into the chaise.—Indiana redoubled her  
"cries; I joined mine, but, alas! nobody heard  
"us. Nobody came to our assistance.—The  
"carriage drove off.

"I RAN back towards the house, to inform  
"the family of what had happened, that they  
"might timely send after the ravishers; but my  
"spirits failed before I had advanced many steps,  
"and I sunk down almost lifeless, on the first  
"seat I came to. In that condition some of the  
"servants accidentally found me, or I know not  
"how long I might have continued insensible."—

SIR George, the Marchioness, and Mrs. Be-  
verly, now entered the room.—Miss Montague  
repeated the above particulars.—You may guess  
what it produced.—Sir George immediately or-  
dered his horse, and, with two of his own ser-  
vants, and one of Mrs. Beverly's, set off in pur-  
suit of the villain.—He is not yet returned. We  
have received no accounts of any of them.—  
Every body here is in the deepest affliction.—

O WHAT a change!—This house, lately the  
scene of so much joy, is now converted to the  
house of mourning.—Nobody is more deeply af-  
fected than the amiable Miss Montague. She  
entertains a tender friendship for the lovely, un-  
fortunate Indiana; and is no less grieved on her  
dear brother's account. O! Madam, let us  
implore Heaven to restore her to us, or what  
will become of her sorrowing mother, whose life  
is wrapped up in hers?—I can write no more.  
We know not who to suspect as the author of all  
this misery.—We form a thousand fruitless con-  
jectures.

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Adieu

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Miss INDIANA DANBY. 195

jectures.—Lady Worthy was not here when the fatal accident happened, but had promised to be with us early on the Monday morning.—She came accordingly.—Ah! what a disappointment! Adieu. Believe me sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE LENOX.

P. S. I am desired to ask, if you have seen Mr. Beverly, or whether he is returned from Bristol?



LETTER XLIX.

To Miss LENOX.

MAD AM

I TOOK the liberty to open your alarming letter, as Mrs. Bevill has, for some days past, been too much indisposed either to read or write. It is happy for me that I used that precaution.—I know not whether the consequence of seeing it, in her present condition, might not have been fatal to her.—I am sincerely affected at the melancholy contents; it is, indeed, a most shocking, a most unexpected misfortune.—I hope in heaven you have by this time received some account of the fair sufferer.—Who can the villain be?

By your postscript, I imagine you have some suspicion of Beverly; but I am convinced he had no hand in the horrid affair.—He re-



turned from Bristol but last night, and immediately came to my house.—I received your letter in the morning.—After a few inquiries in regard to his health (which is far from being established) I communicated to him the melancholy news.—He expressed the highest amazement, but not the least confusion, no symptoms of guilt—he raved at the villain, wished the perplexity of his affairs would give him leave to join his friend in pursuit of him—but he was wretched, and could think of nothing till he had inflicted a just punishment on his unfaithful wife; that would, for some time, engross his whole attention; and added, “Indiana stands not in need  
 “of my assistance: her lover’s, her favoured  
 “Montague’s, will be far more acceptable to her  
 “I have long since lost”—He paused, and turned from me with emotion.

“O! BEVILL,” resumed he, “was ever man  
 “born to so severe a fate?—That Montague,  
 “that friend, on whom I so much relied, even  
 “he has betrayed me—and my lovely torment  
 “too.—But I must not think, or I shall go  
 “distracted.—Revenge shall now be my ruling  
 “passion.—Farewel to love and all its pains, all  
 “its deceitful joys; my heart is once more free,  
 “and ever shall continue so.”

COULD a man talk in this manner, madam, and yet be guilty of what you suspect?—No. Beverly was always too rash, too open-hearted, successfully to play the hypocrite.—But were he of a different disposition, it still could not be him; as I am well assured from others, as well as himself, that he arrived but last night from Bristol.—I rather think Mr. Manly.—I have not heard from him for some weeks past.—No, it is impossible; he has too much

honour

honour.——The marquis this instant darted into my mind.——But that is such a wild, such an unnatural thought, I would not indulge it for a moment.——In short, madam, we must have patience; all our conjectures are fruitless.——No matter who the villain is, all our care should be to procure her deliverance; I pray Heaven, this may ere long be effected.——If I can be of any service, assure the marchioness, and Mrs. Beverly they may command me to the utmost of my power.——I intreat you, madam, to favour me with a few lines, the moment you receive any information of the dear young lady: for none of her friends can be more deeply interested in her fate than

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN BEVILL.

## LETTER L.

To Mr. BEVILL.

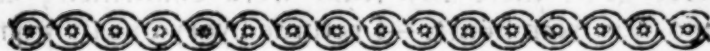
**F**OR Heaven's sake, endeavour to prevent a meeting between Sir George and my son. I am dreadfully apprehensive of the consequence. We have received no accounts of my dear niece.—Sir George is half distracted. From some hints he dropped, I find he still suspects his friend, though he has seen your letter.—Good Heavens! what will become of his afflicted mother, should he again rashly endanger his life?—I shudder at the thought!—But this exasperated, this resentful Montague, he vows vengeance on the villain who has thus disappointed his dearest hopes;—and, as I said, he suspects my Harry to be that villain.—But it cannot be; I never will believe he could be guilty of such baseness.—But what, alas! avails his innocence?—I too well know his fiery, his impetuous temper.—He will not tamely bear to be reproached; he is already highly incensed against his friend.—Ah! should they meet!—For Heaven's sake, take some precaution to prevent it.

SIR GEORGE left us this morning, so did his amiable sister. She is no less than us apprehensive of the fatal consequence of his seeing my son.—She has followed her brother to town, in hopes, if possible, to prevent the threatened mischief.

THE poor marchioness!—O! what a family of mourners!—But I am not so totally engrossed by my own afflictions, as to forget our dear

dear Mrs. Beville. How concerned am I at her illness! I hope she is in no danger—Dear Sir, write to me; use your influence over my son; be his protector; and, by so doing, you will confer an eternal obligation on your unhappy

CAROLINE BEVERLY.



## LETTER LI.

To the MARCHIONESS.

**A**LAS! all my precautions were fruitless. For Heaven's sake, madam, conceal this letter from Mrs. Beverly.—O! how it would affect her, to know what has happened!—I endeavoured, but in vain, to prevent a meeting between Beverly and Sir George.—The latter wrote to him.—I suspected he would, and frequently asked Mr. Beverly if he had heard nothing from his friend. He denied that he had.—I ventured to tell him that gentleman's suspicion.—He raved.—I endeavoured to calm him.—He talked of honour.—That, I told him, I would be as tenacious of as he himself could be.—He vowed, he would see him immediately; he would clear himself one way or other.—I remonstrated; but he was inflexible. “Then, “Beverly,” said I, “I must insist on being present at your interview.”

It was long before he would agree to this; but I at last obtained his promise that I should.—“Remember, then, I will depend on your

word."—"You may," returned he. "If you break it," resumed I, "it will be as great a breach of honour as any you can be guilty of, and, to aggravate your fault, a breach of friendship too."

WE parted.—Next morning I went early to his house.—The servants told me he was out.—Alarmed at this intelligence, I hastened to Sir George's: there my fears were confirmed; he too was from home.—I returned very uneasy from my fruitless search.—Just after dinner, a letter was delivered to me from Montague.—The contents as follow:

"I AM an unfortunate man, Mr. Bevill. My resentment was just; yet I wish I had restrained it.—Mr. Beverly's life is in imminent danger. All my tenderness, my friendship for him, returned with double warmth.—O! what have I rashly done!—But it cannot be recalled.—Dear Sir, hasten to my house: he is here. I have procured him all the assistance in my power. I shall not attempt to leave England: I am regardless of my safety.—If he dies—this once valued friend—Once, do I say? he is still so.—My thoughts are too much in confusion—I cannot give you the particulars of this unhappy affair.—Favour me with your company, and that immediately.

"Yours,

"GEORGE M."



I INSTANTLY set off for his house. Sir George is slightly wounded; but I am under great apprehensions for Mr. Beverly.—The rencounter might have been fatal to them both, impetuous and rash as they are, and so violently incensed against each other, had not a fair mediatrix interposed.—The lovely Miss Montague, watchful for her brother's safety, and perhaps not for his only, was very observant of his motions, dreading what has happened.—He last night received a note in her presence, which he read with some emotion, and precipitately left the room.—She saw him no more that night: he shut himself up in his apartment.—She sent to beg the favour of speaking to him.—He desired to be excused—it would be time enough in the morning. The morning came; Miss Montague rose early, determined to see him. She was hastening to his apartment, when she heard him open his door. She ran down stairs; he was already in the street. She followed, and saw him get into a chair, and gave orders to be carried to Grosvenor-gate. She flew up stairs again, almost wild with apprehension, and, muffling herself up, hurried after him. She got into the first chair she met, and bid the men carry her, as fast as possible, to Hyde-park.—There she dismissed them, and directed her trembling steps in search of her brother.—At last she discovered, at some distance, two gentlemen, who advanced to meet each other. She ran to the place; they were already engaged.—Fearless of her own danger, she rushed in between their swords; but the fatal wound was given.—Beverly fell: she screamed, and sunk down senseless on the (to appearance lifeless) body.—Sir George had ordered his man to wait at some distance.—He went to him,

him, and bid him instantly get two chairs; mean time, he endeavoured to recover his sister from her swoon.—The servant returned. He put her, still insensible, into one of them; Beverly into the other.—They were both carried to his house. Miss Montague is still greatly indisposed, and our poor friend, as I said before, in imminent danger.

AFTER I had received this melancholy account from Sir George, he conducted me to Mr. Beverly's apartment.—He took my hand.—“O Bevell, it is all over with me; I am justly punished.—Can you forgive me, dear Montague?”—But let me not attempt a minute description of the melancholy scene.—I hasten to communicate more joyful news.—Your daughter, madam, the lovely Indiana, will, in a few days, be restored to your arms.—Sir George's suspicions were but too just.—Mr. Beverly is not in a condition to give me the particulars, but refers me to the young lady.—He has already wrote to her, it seems, as well as to the people she is with, and given orders to release her from her confinement. She has been a kind of prisoner, but treated with the utmost respect: he has not even ventured to appear in her presence, dreading the violence of her resentment.—I am going to set off immediately for the place of her confinement—it is about fourteen miles from town.—O! with what pleasure do I undertake the little journey!—I will not leave her, till I have safely conducted her to the Grove.—My Clara is all ecstasy.—She is better; but was so alarmed at not hearing from her beloved friend, that I was obliged to inform her of what has happened. This I might the more safely do, as the charming

Miss

Miss Danby will soon be restored to her friends.—My carriage is not yet ready.—I have time to add a few lines more.—From Miss Montague's behaviour, I have reason to think Mr. Beverly is more than indifferent to her; I believe her brother is of the same opinion: that most generous friend is so much affected at the condition to which his resentment has reduced Mr. Beverly, that he has sworn, if he recovers, to make a sacrifice of his passion, as some atonement for the mischief it has been the cause of.—I have not expressed myself clearly.—I have not time; the chaise is at the door.—Adieu, madam; believe me, with the utmost respect,

Yours, &c.

JOHN BEVILL.

L E T-

## LETTER LH.

To the MARCHIONESS.

I AM disappointed of the pleasure I proposed myself, in conducting Miss Danby to the Grove.—She had left her place of confinement before I reached it; nor is it to be wondered at, that she availed herself of the first moment she was at liberty; yet I am not without apprehension at her taking so long a journey alone.—Mrs. Bevill is still more alarmed; she insists on setting out immediately for the Grove.—I have given my consent, and will accompany her. Poor Mrs. Beverly! I cannot send you more favourable accounts of her son; the physicians are still dubious, though they think he is in more danger from his fever than the wound. He has generously declared, in order to clear Sir George, that the challenge was on his part: they have exchanged a mutual forgiveness, and nothing can be more affectionate than their behaviour to each other.—Miss Montague is inconsolable; she has never since the fatal event been able to leave her apartment.—But adieu, madam; every thing is ready for our journey. I long to assure you in person how sincerely I am

Yours,

JOHN BEVILL.

LET.

## LETTER LIII.

To the MARCHIONESS.

AND is it then, at last, given to the thrice happy Indiana to pour out her heartfelt joy to her beloved mamma?—O! madam, join with your grateful daughter in praises to that merciful Being, who never abandons the innocent.

WHAT have I not suffered since the fatal hour in which I was so cruelly ravished from you?—What dreadful apprehensions!—But, thank Heaven, they were groundless; for basely as Mr. Beverly has acted in this affair, I yet am now convinced he would not have dared to offer me any indignity—in regard to my honour, I mean.—But, ah! how fatally has he wounded my, till now, unsullied reputation?—What conjectures may not the censorious world form of such an adventure?—I tremble to think of it: they will have no mercy.—My repugnance to a marriage with Sir George was no secret: judge then in what a light this cruel affair will most likely be represented?—There is no remedy: I was born to be wretched.—But I have at last found a retreat, where I hope my dear mamma, after what has happened, will not refuse me the consolation of ending my days.—But let me, though the recollection is painful, give some account of my unhappy adventure.

MISS MONTAGUE would inform you how I was carried off.—I shall not attempt to describe my grief.—The gentleman who accompanied me—if, after a conduct like his, he could



could deserve that name, behaved, to do him justice, with the greatest respect, and used his utmost endeavours to sooth me, swearing he had no dishonourable intentions—that what he did was only to oblige a friend, whom he highly valued.

“ I DARE not, at present, explain myself farther,” said he; “ but if you knew who that friend is, madam, I am convinced you would no longer find cause for these violent emotions, since he is incapable of injuring her who is dearer to him than his life.”

I HEARD him in silence—a silence in which I continued during the rest of our journey; for I found my intreaties, my most earnest remonstrances, had not the least effect. We stopped once or twice: he begged me to take some refreshment; I peremptorily refused.

AT last we arrived at a genteel looking house, in a very lonely situation.—The carriage drove up to the gate: it was opened: I struggled, and would not quit the chaise; but he lifted me out, almost lifeless, in his arms, and carried me into a handsome apartment, where he left me, with several women attendants, who officiously endeavoured to recover me.—They had placed me on a bed.—When my senses began to revive, I ordered them to leave me. They made some respectful remonstrances; begged to sit up with me, as I was so much indisposed; or would I not, at least, suffer them to undress me?—No, I told them; and insisted on being left alone.—They obeyed me with reluctance.—I bolted the door, and, after examining the apartment, cast myself into an arm-chair, in which I spent the night, without taking off my cloaths.

NEXT

NEXT morning a servant tapped at my door; I opened it.—She curtsied, and, without speaking, delivered to me a letter.—To my infinite amazement, I found it was from Mr. Beverly.—He earnestly besought my pardon for what an ungovernable passion had compelled him to, and made use of all his sophistry to alleviate his fault.—He even dared to upbraid me for consenting to marry Sir George;—boasted of his constant, persevering love—and vowed I should yet be his, in spite of men and devils: that was his rash expression.—He had once more a prospect of being freed from his cursed marriage.—His only design in carrying me off, was to secure me from his too fortunate rival.—The near approach of my nuptials had almost drove him distracted.—No attempt appeared too desperate for him to undertake—he was in despair—he cared not what he did.—Would I not pity him?—The house I was in (which he begged I would look upon as my own) belonged to a friend, who he had prevailed upon to engage in the daring enterprize of carrying off his Helen.—So, with his usual levity, he expressed himself.—That friend was a worthy man, and knew his honourable intentions.—But neither Mr. Bidulph, —that, it seems, is his name—nor himself, would presume to appear in my presence, till an important affair was settled; till he was at liberty to cast himself at my feet, and once more to offer his hand.

“AH! with what transports,” adds he, “will I restore you to your friends!—those friends who will, I trust, in spite of my past wildness and indiscretions, of which I have seriously repented, and vowed reformation—  
“Those

“Those friends will, I trust, intercede for me  
 “with the lovely charmer, on whom my fate  
 “depends.”—Till then the house, the servants,  
 every thing was at my sovereign disposal; all but  
 liberty, of which he must, for some time, re-  
 luctantly deprive me. He ended with a thousand  
 protestations of everlasting love.—

I MUST own, Madam, dreadful as my situa-  
 tion was, my apprehensions began to diminish,  
 when I found into whose power I had fallen.—  
 But alas! the affliction of my friends, of you,  
 my beloved mamma, in particular, and the in-  
 jury this cruel adventure must be to my reputa-  
 tion, was alone sufficient source of sorrow.—  
 There was no possibility of informing you of my  
 situation. I was strictly guarded, and all my mo-  
 tions watched.—Amongst so many spies, I found  
 it impossible to make one friend—The servants  
 were not to be bribed; he had but too well se-  
 cured them in his interest.—

IN that melancholy mansion I spent more than  
 a fortnight.—O! how slowly did the hours lag  
 on? I was beginning to despair of ever being  
 freed from my confinement, when I received a  
 second letter from Mr. Beverly.—I was affected  
 with the contents.—Poor, rash, ill-fated man!—  
 He told me I was at liberty. He had wrote to  
 this effect to the people I was with.—He im-  
 plored my forgiveness for the uneasiness he had  
 been the unfortunate cause of, but hoped his  
 death would, in some measure, atone for his  
 faults—he should never see me more. Said it  
 was his last request that I would do justice to the  
 merit of his friend; we might yet be happy—so,  
 he hoped, should he, ere long. He rejoiced at  
 an event which deprived him of a wretched be-  
 ing, of which he had long been weary; he should

quit

quit life without the least regret, could he but once more see me, and be assured, from my own mouth, that I forgave him.—

My tears flowed while I read this melancholy letter. I felt the tenderest compassion for him.—When I had a little got the better of my emotions, I sat down and wrote an answer, which, I trust, will, in some measure, be a consolation to the poor unfortunate.—O, how I pity my dear Mrs. Beverly!—but I cannot express what I feel; let me not then attempt it.—

As soon as I had dispatched my letter, I ordered a chaise.—The servants flew to obey me.—At first my design was to return immediately to the Grove; but, on reflection, I had not courage to undertake so long a journey alone.—I inquired in what part of the country I was—and, to my inexpressible joy, found it was at no great distance from C—y, consequently not far from the retreat of my beloved Fanny.—I instantly determined to make use of that happy asylum till I could inform my friends, who, I doubted not, would send a proper person to conduct me to the Grove. Perhaps my dear mamma, if her health will permit, may condescend to rejoice me with her presence here.—

AH! Madam, would to Heaven I were permitted to end my days in this sweet, this peaceful retreat.—I met with a most gracious reception from the amiable ladies of this little paradise; but no words can describe the transports of my Fanny, at my unexpected visit.—In her dear society, could I forget the melancholy incidents of my past life, and the present afflictions of those who are dear to me; I should esteem myself as happy as it is possible to be in this world of care  
and

and disappointments. O, how commendable has been the choice of these worthy women!—'Tis the life of angels.—This peaceful dwelling is, to speak in the language of holy writ, “An hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest of life, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”—Adieu, my ever dear mamma. I will not add to this long epistle; I am impatient till you receive it.

I ANTICIPATE your joy at my fortunate delivery. My dear Mrs. Beverly too, my Clara, and all the rest of my beloved friends;—how will they rejoice?—But while I write, that joy is delayed.—Adieu then, once more.

Yours, with the tenderest affection,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

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## LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**Y**OURS was indeed, my dear Clara, an heroick piece of self-denial, and a very commendable one.—It would have been cruel to have left Mrs. Beverly without a comforter, in her deep affliction; and your lovely friend can the better dispense with your company, as her mamma, lady Worthy, Miss Lenox, and your better half, to use your own expression, are with her.—I suppose you are by this time arrived in town with your amiable companion.—

O, how I long to hear how poor Mr. Beverly is!—What a tumultuous world is that you live in?—No longer rally me on my calm retreat—sweet serenity!—it is every day more endeared to me.—O! no more of this, good Fanny, I think I hear you cry: I have heard all this pretty cant a thousand times over: talk to me of my Indiana.—I obey—but do not think I can describe the enraptur'd meeting between the marchioness and her; nor the joy of her other friends.—I am now but little accustomed to those affecting scenes—My life glides on calm and unruffled; no violent emotions; all is serenity and peace.—My pen is so seldom employed in subjects of this nature, that I am sure I could not do it justice.—Apply to your own lively imagination—'Twas all joy and transport, warm congratulations, and tender embraces.—

At length they regained some degree of composure, and began to talk a little more intelligibly.—The marchioness, lady Worthy, and Miss Lenox, were invited to spend a few days with us.—

us.—Mr. Bevill, for we admit no male creatures farther than the outward parlour, you know—— took his leave, and went to Mrs. Sidney's.—The marchioness, a little fatigued with her journey, was conducted to her apartment, Indiana accompanying her.

LADY WORTHY, and Miss Lenox, who seems to be an amiable young woman, begged I would favour them with a sight of the gardens. We took a walk—our Indiana soon after joined us. We rambled till summoned to dinner.—Miss Lenox was quite enchanted with our delightful retreat; and, in her lively way, declares she is half tempted to become one of the sober sisterhood. My friend, with more seriousness, assures me 'tis her fixed resolution, if the marchioness does not too strenuously oppose her inclination.—I think, after what has passed, she will not, and, for my own part, I think she ought not.

DON'T chide me, Clara—you cannot, I am convinced, be more solicitous for her happiness than her Fanny.—We may, indeed, differ about the means of insuring it.—You, no doubt, lively in your disposition, will plead in favour of the world—I, who have experienced, young as I am, how little that vaunted world has in its power to bestow, must ever be an advocate for retirement; since 'tis in that, and only that, I could have regained my lost peace.—Your fate, my dear sister, has been uncommonly fortunate; but far otherwise has it been with Indiana.—Justly may we call her the child of affliction.—I am summoned, my dear.—Our worthy aunt is come to pay us a visit.—Mr. Bevill too is below.—Adieu.

FANNY FREEMORE.

L E T.

## L E T T E R L V.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**M**Y Fanny has just shewn me what she has wrote—and what says my beloved Clara to my resolution?—Ah! my dear, what other resource is left me? Miserable as I have hitherto been, tempt me not back to that tumultuous ocean, the world.—Too long have I been tossed to and fro on its tempestuous waves—At length I am happily landed on a peaceful haven, and never, never more will I adventure on a second voyage.—My dear mother but faintly opposes my resolution.—I can offer convincing arguments in defence of my choice.—Does not Heaven seem to have designed me for a single life? In vain have I strove against its powerful decrees.—You have seen the fatal consequence of my intended marriages. Unfortunate and disappointed in every attempt of that nature, 'twas visibly acting contrary to the will of Providence.—I humble myself—I ask not the cause—but reverence, adore, and, unmurmuring, submit to my fate.—

In calm repose and rural bliss,  
The remnant of my days I'll pass.—

You sigh, you pity me. You think a life like that does not deserve the name. 'Tis barely to exist.—For to you

Green fields and shady groves, and chrystal  
springs,  
And larks and nightingales, are odious things—

But

But in this our taste is widely different—It must be so.—Do not exert your dangerous eloquence—I cannot, must not change my purpose—Lady Worthy approves it; that's one great point gained; for you know the influence she has over my mamma.—Mr. Bevill is silent, when in her presence we touch on the subject; from which, I imagine, he finds no material objections to offer.—

I MUST give you a few particulars of a sermon I this morning heard in the chapel belonging to the happy community.—It seems as if Heaven had inspired Mr. Harrison to preach it on purpose, to strengthen my resolution, and to administer consolation to me in particular.—I could observe mamma's eyes moistened with tears as she attentively listened, and now and then cast a tender look at me.—Our lovely pious Fanny sat near me, and uttered a fervent Amen, when the good man prayed that “what we had heard with our outward ears, might make a deep and lasting impression on our hearts, and produce in us the fruits of good living, to the honour of our Maker.”—But listen, my dear—no yawning—'Tis a sermon, 'tis true—but, in my opinion, for that reason, the more worthy of your attention.—

“RETIREMENT, I hesitate not to pronounce it, is not only commendable, but highly necessary—but that retirement must be entered upon from proper motives, in order to give the happiness, to confer the profit expected from it—When conscious of our dependant state and future expectations; when awakened to a serious regard for immortal concerns, and convinced that the hurry of the world, and the tumult of unwearied application to  
“earthly

" earthly attachments, much indispose the mind  
 " from proper attention to divine considerations  
 " ———When moved by such reflections, we  
 " resolve to quit the public stage, and to retire,  
 " that we may gain a better knowledge of our-  
 " selves, our God, and duty, the resolution is  
 " as noble as the performance of it will be hap-  
 " py——and every thing that can dignify human  
 " nature rises up at once to advise and applaud  
 " it—

" BUT before we enter upon this new scene,  
 " and sequester ourselves from the busy throng,  
 " let me advise those who have thoughts of it—  
 " first, carefully to examine their own disposi-  
 " tions, that they may make trial of themselves  
 " for some weeks, by entering upon their in-  
 " tended solitude. Perhaps this trial will con-  
 " vince them they had been deceived; that they  
 " have not a sufficient fund of self-satisfying re-  
 " flections to dissipate the leisure of loneliness,  
 " to avert the weariness of vacuity. Happy in  
 " this knowledge, they may timely prevent the  
 " ill consequence of a too hasty step. But if, on  
 " trial, we find ourselves capable of living in re-  
 " tirement, we should not too long delay the exe-  
 " cution.—Life is short, and the business we  
 " have to do in it great and important; and of  
 " such a nature, that if left undone, we are ir-  
 " retrievably ruined.—Mistake me not, as if I  
 " supposed we could not live in the world, and  
 " serve our Maker sincerely and acceptably—far  
 " be such a suggestion from me. I am convinced  
 " of the contrary.—But the inhabitants of the  
 " busy world, my dear auditors, are troubled  
 " about many things; whereas you, with Mary,  
 " have chosen the one thing needful.—And I  
 " apply to your happy experience for the truth,  
 " while



“ while I assert, that retirement opens a scene of  
 “ chaste and tranquil delight; and custom soon  
 “ makes that life more sweet than that painted  
 “ pomp.—We find the woods more free from  
 “ peril than the insidious world, while this our  
 “ life, exempt from public haunts, finds tongues  
 “ in trees, books in the running brook, sermons  
 “ in stones, and good in every thing.”—

At last, my dear Clara, I put an end to my tedious quotation; but deeply is his whole animated discourse impressed on my mind.—I shall never be at rest till I have followed our sweet Fanny's example.—O! what heart-felt peace and serenity does she experience?—Would I could say the same!—

BUT my poor Mrs. Beverly!—her son too, poor unhappy man!—Tell me, my Clara, are there any hopes of his recovery? It is my daily, my earnest prayer, for his afflicted mother's sake; and his too, I may add, and that without a blush; for believe me, there are now no remains, no, not the smallest degree, of my former weakness.—No, his last rash imprudence, the injury he has done my reputation, the grief he has been the cause of—I look upon him as the instrument Heaven has been pleased to make use of to bring about its purposes.—All is for the best.

I AM concerned for Miss Montague's illness, and no less so at her unhappy attachment.—I ever suspected it; and your account only confirmed those suspicions.—I wish—but alas! my wishes have ever been fruitless.—Adieu, my friend, my sister.—Every new misfortune I experience, seems the more to endear you to your

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

## L E T T E R LVI.

TO INDIANA.

**H**EAR me, Indiana.—O, for heaven's sake, do not put your vile resolution in practice.—I cannot bear the thought.—And yet—and yet, my sweet friend, my tears must speak the rest.—What shall I advise?—Where—in what state point out to you that long sought happiness which has so constantly eluded your pursuit?—But permit me once more to plead for a poor unfortunate—I promised I would, nor could you justly, incensed as you are, have refused his eloquently urged request.—There are hopes of his recovery; there are hopes of an event—but another hope is still wanting to render life desirable.—I dare not speak out, I fear your displeasure—but you understand, my dear.—

POOR Miss Montague! I believe even Beverly must by this time have discovered her passion for him.—His danger has thrown her quite off her guard, and now the wildness of her joy, at this prospect of his recovery, is a still more convincing proof.—Her brother's safety is however a good excuse for it.—The dear amiable girl!—What a vile encroacher is this love—and what strange effects does it not produce?—You know the sweet creature is naturally all diffidence and timidity, and durst hardly mince out the tremendous word Love—without a blush.—Yet now she can hardly forbear avowing that passion to the fatal inspirer of it.

A LETTER!—From whom I wonder.—

AH! my dear, most joyful news.—I must fly to communicate it to Mrs. Beverly.—Patience,

VOL. IV.

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my

my dear, perhaps you may not think it so very interesting—but you shall know it by-and by.

IN CONTINUATION.

Now, my dear girl, I positively won't tell you one syllable of it, except you promise me to talk no more of that abominable retreat.—I cannot bear it.—You know not how it affects me.—I have a natural antipathy to your odious nunneries—I wonder what peevish superannuated old soul it was that first invented them. She suffers for it by this time, or I am much deceived; for many a hearty prayer, I make no doubt, has her infatuated virginship had from her deluded poor fettered followers.—That you shall not be one of the number, your friend and all nature cry aloud.—But the news is cooling all the while, now I think of it.—I ought to be grave, I'll warrant you, for death is going to be my subject.

I DECLARE I am half sorry for her after all—but she was violently penitent.—Well, that is some consolation.—Now who is it all this while?—Guess, my dear.—Nay, if you cannot, I must tell you, I think.—Lady Caroline.—You start.—Dead, as sure as you are alive.—Come, I will be serious, for to say truth it is past a joke.—The letter I received just now was from her maid Warner, who accompanied her in her flight.—Her lady on her death-bed, ordered her to write to me, to thank me for my friendship, to which she had made so ungrateful a return.—

It seems the poor unfortunate woman had more reasons than one for her flight.—They were hardly landed, when she was delivered some weeks before her time of a dead child; the wretched mother did not long survive.—Some time

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time however the mercy of Heaven allowed her for repentance; and of that she shewed the strongest marks, as her maid informs me.

LORD G. was in great affliction: but she was filled with horror every time he appeared in her presence.—Feelingly, and with deep remorse, did she lament her past guilty life.—An English clergyman, who had some knowledge of her family, accidentally happened to lodge in the same house; charity induced him to visit her.—This was a great consolation to the poor penitent.—

MR. —, what was his name? took upon him to write this account to her family.—He was to return to England in a few days, but compassion induced him to delay his voyage.—Warner tells me he proposes a visit to Mr. Bevill; she thinks he will be here as soon as her letters.—

LORD G. is gone to, — he has not, she says, acted so generously by her as might have been expected, considering her fidelity and attachment to his service.—She is rightly served; such ever ought to be the reward of iniquity.—To the worthy clergyman, the unfortunate Caroline committed the charge of her jewels, and other things of value, desiring the favour of him to return them to her injured husband—Poor woman! her days have indeed been few and evil.—I hope her exemplary punishment will be deemed some expiation for her faults.—I trust she is happy.—

MRS. BEVERLY is gone to inform her son of this unexpected, and I am afraid some people will think happy event.—Happy! cry you.—Nay, pray, my dear, no vindications. How should it ever enter into my head, that you —

no to be sure you would not for the world.—Far be such an uncharitable suspicion from my thoughts—for what is her death to you, you know, who are so firmly determined to be a nun?—I would by no means divert you from the pious resolution—it is such a comfortable state; so calm—so serene—so—so every thing.—I approve your choice of all things.—

O, INDIANA, if ever you dare after what has happened, now Heaven has so unexpectedly opened such a prospect of happiness to you—if ever you dare so much as to hint at that vile nunnery again, I never will forgive you.—No, my dear, be not deluded by a seeming excellence.—Far happier, as I before said, scenes await you.—

BEVERLY is better in health, better in his morals, constant in his love, every way accomplished, handsome as an angel, and, in short, worthy even of you.—His you must and shall be, so do not be refractory, child; my heart is set upon the match—so is his, so is his friends, so is every body's.—No airs, my dear, no femality, the thing is positively determined; compose yourself then, and with a good grace submit to your fate.—

I AM violently angry with Fanny—the little tempter.—Listen not to the charmer, charm she never so wisely.

ADIEU, my sweet friend. I agree now with you and the sage Pangloss, that every thing is for the best.—Do not be refractory, if you have the least regard for your

CLARA BEVILL

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## LETTER LVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

**P**OOOR lady Caroline!—How could you, my dear Clara, treat the melancholy subject with such an air of levity?—What is her death to you? archly says my friend.—But let me more seriously repeat it.—No, my dear, it can be nothing to me in the way you hint at—my resolution is unalterably fixed.—I have a thousand motives to confirm me in it—I shall name but one—a weighty one with me, however.—

THINK what an appearance it would have in the eyes of the world, were I to marry him after my late fatal adventure?—Will it not confirm people in the opinion that I voluntarily went off with him to avoid a hated marriage with his rival?—My reputation is already wounded, spite of the precaution of my friends; the affair is but too publickly known—it could not be concealed.—Every body at — were witnesses to the preparations making for our nuptials.—The recent duel too.—O it would wound my delicacy—my pride.—Can I forgive his treatment of me?—Is it thus he would persuade me of his boasted love—is it thus he manifests his boasted reformation?—No, my dear, urge me not—I never will be his—there can be no prospect of happiness with a man whose passions are so wild and ungovernable.—And besides, is it not manifest, as I said in my

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last,

last, that Heaven designed me for a single life?—I tremble at the thoughts of making another attempt after so many misfortunes, so many disappointments. ——— I am sick of the world.—

What is there here to fill our vast desire?—Should fancy all her dazzling scenes display,  
Our wishes unconfin'd would wander still  
Beyond the limits of these narrow skies,  
In search of boundless and immortal joys.—

THESE immortal joys now engross my whole attention, and animate my hopes. You, my dear Clara, not Fanny, are the seducing tempter; it is against your too powerful eloquence, I must be upon my guard.—But spare me, my friend. Why will you oppose my wishes, why disturb my remaining tranquillity?—I know your kind, but mistaken motives—you will not be persuaded I can be happy in this retreat.—Why should you think so?—Consider the difference of our dispositions—You are gay, you are formed for the world, and to make a shining figure in it.—I am naturally grave; my spirits broken by misfortunes, have left me languid and insensible to joy,—peace is now the utmost of my wish. I have no relish, nor can I hope for livelier pleasures.—In the society of my Fanny, and her amiable companions, I promise myself pure and unmixed felicity. And is not your friendship added to console me? Will not my Clara, when once I become one of this pious society, for her Indiana's sake, often condescend to visit her retreat?—Surely she will.—Two months at least every summer,

summer, I promise myself she will leave the noisy town, and oblige me with her company.—

My beloved mamma consents to take up her abode in this neighbourhood.—Mrs. Beverly too—who knows but she may be prevailed on to spend the evening of her life with her highly valued sister?—What delightful prospects, as you see, open to my view?—Your good aunt, an amiable woman, is frequently here, her conversation will be an addition to my happiness.—

START not, my friend, my ever dear Clara; my fate will be determined in a very few days.—Ah! do not cruelly endeavour to stagger my resolution; it must be so, indeed it must, my dear creature.—Do not write to me till the important event is over; I dare not trust myself to read your letters; not that I doubt my constancy, but I could not bear to know you were afflicted at what I am about to do. Fanny will give you an account of the solemnity. I think you should not inform Mr. Beverly of my intentions,—it will perhaps retard his recovery.—You know the violence of his passions—but this very violence gives me hopes his grief will not be lasting.—May the amiable Miss Montague be the means of consoling him!—I do not despair. She is lovely, has a susceptible heart.—He has a warm friendship for her brother—time may bring about the accomplishment of my wishes.—O how I should rejoice at such an event! I want only to see those who are dear to me happy, and then my own will be compleat.—

MR. BEVILL took leave of me this morning; I was deeply affected.—“Ah! madam,” said

he, sighing, " what melancholy news have I for  
 " my Clara."—" Say not so, my dear Mr. Be-  
 " vill," returned I.—" Can it be melancholy  
 " news that her Indiana is well, and content  
 " with her lot?—Adieu, sir," continued I, for-  
 " cing a smile; " but will you not carry one kiss  
 " from me to my beloved friend?"—The  
 worthy man was unable to answer; he em-  
 braced me, and hurried out of the room to  
 conceal his emotions.—He is to be the bear-  
 er of this, so I must hasten to conclude, that  
 it may be at Mr. Sidney's before he sets  
 out.—Adieu, a tender adieu, my dear Clara,

Yours ever,

INDIANA DANBY.

L E T.

## LETTER LVIII.

TO INDIANA.

**N**OT write!—Good Heavens!—And is it my Indiana that wishes I would not, at a time like this too, yet why should I?—Dear, cruel, inflexible girl. Is it then determined? and will you, can you keep your dreadful resolution?—My heart is ready to burst with grief. What shall I say, how divert you from your fatal purpose?—If you have the least regard, the least pity for your Clara, O do not,—do not, Indiana, reject the happiness that now, though late, courts your acceptance.—Think, my dear, consider what you are about to do—where is the necessity for it?

I HAVE no patience with the Marchioness; some time ago so solicitous to see you married—now so abominably passive.—Was there ever such vile infatuation?—Beverly will go distracted; I am little better.—What can tempt you to act in so unaccountable a manner?—There is not the least weight in what you object to your lover.—It is mere caprice, infatuation and madness.—I will not, you say, be persuaded you can be happy in the odious disconsolate state you have chosen.—No, I will not indeed, for I am convinced you cannot,—it is not in nature that you should.—For pity's sake, do not be too hasty—reflect on what you are about,—take time at least,—and ah! give me time, if it must be so, to reconcile myself to your cruel—but it is impossible I ever should be reconciled to it.—Melancholy news indeed, as Bevill justly said, he had for his Clara, I fainted on the recital, for in spite of your

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threats,



threats, I never dreamt you had any serious thoughts of thus burying yourself alive.—I would immediately have set off for C——y, had not my indisposition—I am very ill, but that will not much affect you, I find.—Alas! I have no longer an interest in your heart, or you could not thus be deaf to my intreaties.—O Indiana, do you then no longer love me?—I can hardly hold my pen.—For heaven's sake, if this letter does not come too late, if your miserable fate is not already determined, for my sake defer it a few weeks longer.—Let me see you first, it is all I ask. Can you have the cruelty to refuse me?—If you do—but you will pay little regard to my threats, if kinder motives will not prevail.—Pity me, Indiana, pity yourself, pity an unhappy man who loves you to distraction.—You have been unfortunate; but this last, this worst of all is of your own inflicting. You will not have the consolation of accusing your unpropitious stars.—No, it is your perverse self, you are free to choose.—O then abuse not the precious liberty, nor wilfully deprive yourself of that inestimable blessing. Adieu, too much yours for my peace.

CLARA BEVILL.

L E T.

## LETTER LIX.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I KNOW you will be highly displeased with your Fanny—But I know too, my heart justifies me for what I have done. You cannot, as I have often said, be more solicitous than I am for our Indiana's happiness. I am convinced it is now approaching.—She has not seen your last letter.—How, my sister, could you think of writing in the manner you did?—Oh! do you not know how deeply it would affect her gentle heart?—Though I am convinced it could not dissuade her from her fixed resolution.—It came too late. Every thing ere then was prepared for the solemn ceremony.—Why, my dear Clara, those violent expressions of grief? You think she has doomed herself to a life of misery and repentance?—am I not an instance of the contrary?—How often have I triumphed in my happy choice?—and so far am I from repenting, that I solemnly declare, were I once more at liberty, and had I even met with nothing to afflict me, but possessed of all those pleasures the vain world has in its power to bestow; and could I know those serene, those heartfelt joys which are the happy fruits of religious retirement, that retirement should again be my choice.—

OUR Indiana's disposition is not unlike your Fanny's.—We have both been unfortunate, but I the less, because I wisely fled more timely to this peaceful asylum, where misfortunes find no entrance.—Reflect, my dear, on the character

character of him for whom you so warmly plead; think not I am prejudiced.—Long, long has he been forgiven the perhaps involuntary uneasiness he has caused me. It was my own too weak, too susceptible heart, I ought to accuse; that heart whose passions are now refined, and in a manner loosened from every earthly attachment. Friendship is not of that number, which never ought, nor will in my breast be extinguished; but love, ah! how I pity those who are under the influence of that capricious deity!—Mr. Beverly is naturally inconstant, and has violent passions: he may be reformed; and were he not, no person on earth is so likely to contribute to his reformation as our angelick Indiana. But had she not reason to dread making the experiment, since, if she failed, misery must have been the consequence?

LADY Caroline had charms—True, there is no comparison to be made between them; yet I think that poor woman's luckless fate was enough to intimidate her: nature and habit were against her; potent enemies, as he I fear will find, to combat with.—All-powerful grace, indeed, can effect any thing; but with all his boasted reformation, what proof does he give of its flowing from religion, that only solid foundation?—Do I preach, my dear? this, you will say, is the true Nunnish cant: call it what you please; a ridiculous name alters not its nature; truth will ever stand the test even of that, though some people are more easily rallied than argued out of the unfashionable thing called piety.—

IN short, my dear, I must again repeat it—our friend has, in my opinion, made a most commendable

commendable choice: be it as it will, that choice is unalterably fixed.—Cease then your well-meant, but distressing entreaties—She cannot now alter her purpose.—Ah! then endeavour rather to sooth her—tell her not you are not happy, but rejoice that she has so fair a prospect of being so—To-morrow morning, without regret, she bids the world an eternal adieu.—Your presence will, I am persuaded, be a great consolation to her. I invite you in her name. Come, my loved sister; come, and for a few weeks partake in our serene pleasures.—All the ladies of our happy society join in this invitation, but to none will your company be more truly acceptable than to your ever affectionate friend and sister,

F. FREEMORE.

L E T.

## L E T T E R L X.

To Mrs. BEVILI.

**I** SIT down to give my dear Clara the particulars of yesterday—an important day for our beloved friend—but the commencement of that happiness which will, I trust, end but with her life.—

ABOUT ten in the morning she left her apartment ready dressed for the awful solemnity — a cheerful serenity in her looks.—She had taken some pains to adorn herself, though indeed she is ever lovely, and her natural beauty will scarce admit of any addition—but 'tis a custom with the ladies here to put on all their ornaments on the day in which they are to bid an eternal adieu to them, and every other worldly vanity. Her cloaths were white and silver; her linen suitable to the richness of her gown—some very fine jewels in her hair—over them a loose flowing veil of black gauze, which, with a becoming negligence, shaded part of her lovely face.—A veil is always worn by us on those occasions.—The marchioness, lady Worthy, our aunt and Miss Lenox, were likewise elegantly dressed in honour of the day. The company all assembled to breakfast, in a spacious apartment: soft musick played during our repast.—We were grave, but not melancholy.—I ought, however, to except the marchioness—for the silent tear stole down her cheek as she tenderly fixed her eyes on her lovely daughter.—Not so the amiable maid; a smile of heart-felt ease played on her modest countenance. She joined in conversation



tion without the least appearance of constraint, and, with her usual eloquence, launched out in praise of retirement. Her affectionate mother was almost totally silent. Whatever she felt, she forbore to utter the least expression of grief.—Miss Lenox's usual gaiety seemed a good deal to have deserted her; but lady Worthy talked with her accustomed cheerfulness and wisdom.—

AFTER spending about an hour in this manner, a servant whispered one of our ladies—she arose: “Every thing is in readiness,” said she—“And I too am ready,” cried Indiana, rising, with serenity in her aspect.—

THE marchioness changed colour—she clasped her arms round her daughter—“And will you, will you indeed,” cried she, bursting into tears—“but,” continued she after a short pause, wiping her eyes—“I submit—’tis the will of Heaven”—

“AND O!” returned Indiana, embracing her, “let me see my dear mamma submit with cheerfulness to what I shall esteem a happy lot. Believe me, ’tis my choice, after the most mature deliberation.”—She took her hand and tenderly pressed it to her lips; then taking hold of my arm, we proceeded to the chapel, where a number of people were assembled, to be witness of the ceremony.—

You may remember, my dear Clara, that on those occasions the grated iron doors which separate the inward from the public chapel, are thrown open—but shut again immediately after the solemnity. The reason assigned for this, by our foundress, is, that the persons who are about to take the vows may be reminded, that the world and all its pleasures are still open, and they

they free to choose its offered joys;—but when once the awful words are uttered, their fate is irrevocably fixed.—The doors are shut, and with them are shut out all the pomps and vanities of that world, to which they have then bid an eternal adieu.—

WE took our seats.—Indiana, with sweet composure, placed herself next her beloved mother: she attracted every eye.—A murmur of praise, mixed with expressions of pity, ran through the crowd, which she heard without the least emotion.—A modest blush, indeed, heightened her native bloom, at finding so many eyes fixed on her—yet she acquitted herself with her usual gracefulness.—Mr. Harrison preached a most affecting sermon: the spectators in general melted into tears—the marchioness hid her face with her handkerchief—our friend alone seemed unaffected.—

AFTER the good man had ended his discourse, he, with an air of affectionate benignity, approached the lovely victim—shall I call her? to humour my Clara—and taking her hand, led her to a cushion, placed in the middle of the church, on which, clasping her hands, and fervently raising her eyes to heaven, she kneeled—the marchioness pale and trembling on one hand, lady Worthy, with solemn composure in her aspect, on the other.—Our ladies ranged themselves on each side.—Here pause, my Clara, and for a few moments contemplate the awful scene which you may better imagine than I describe.—

AFTER a short but fervent prayer, pronounced with a distinct and audible voice, she turned to her weeping mother—“Now, madam,” said she,

she, pressing her hand to her breast, with an air the most affectionately tender you can conceive, "the moment is at last come, in which"—she stopped—for \*at that instant we observed a great bustle amongst the spectators; and before she had leisure to proceed, or we time to inquire into the cause, behold a tall elegant young gentleman, with impatience in his looks, rushed like lightning through the crowd, who as eagerly made way for him—

"O, MY God!" exclaimed he, "what do I see?—if I am come too late"—he could add no more; he was already close to us, and, with a look of anxiety mixed with despair, cast himself at the feet of Indiana, who uttered a deep sigh, and fell senseless into my arms.—

"GRACIOUS Heaven!" cried the marchioness, raising her voice in a transport of joy, and clasping her hands together, "it is my son!"—She ran to embrace him—he was still kneeling; Indiana engrossed his whole attention.—"Rise, my beloved, long-lamented son," continued the marchioness, pressing him in her arms—"O! welcome, thrice welcome are you to your fond rejoicing mother."

"FORGIVE me, madam," returned he; "I ought, ere now, to have paid my respects to you: but this dear angel," looking at our friend—"let us first effect her recovery."—She opened her languid eyes while he spoke, and fixed them on him, with a mixture of surprize and doubtful joy; then sighing, closed them again, and seemed to be relapsing into another swoon.—

WE, now a little recovered from our amazement, supporting her in our arms, led her to an apartment where we could be more private, and

and there placed her on a couch.—By applying proper remedies we soon restored her more perfectly to her senses.—Nothing could equal the marquis's tender anxiety; his whole attention was fixed on her alone.—The marchioness greatly reproached him for his neglect of her.—

“PARDON me, madam,” said he: “believe me, were you indeed my mother, I could not feel a more affectionate regard than I do for her who will ever be dear to my grateful heart —but”—

“GOOD heavens! what do you mean?” interrupted she, wildly; “am I not your mother?”—

“No, madam,” answered he respectfully, taking her hand—“had that lovely angel been my sister, never would I thus have ventured myself in her presence. I too well knew my danger.—I see your amazement,” continued he; “nor can I wonder at it.—You will be more surprised, when I explain the seeming mystery; but let us first” (turning with an air of unutterable tenderness to Indiana) “see my angelic bride—O! let me still call her so,” added he, pressing her hand to his lips, “more perfectly recovered; and then”—He paused, and fixed his sparkling eyes with transport on her face.—

SHE blushed; she struggled to withdraw her hand—“Good heavens!” cried she, “what do I hear? Am I awake? Ah! Sir, beware how you deceive either yourself or me.—’Tis impossible—you are, you must be my brother, and I tremble to behold those guilty raptures.”—

“SWEET

"SWEET apprehensive charmer," said he, gently pressing her hand to his breast, "and can you believe I would be such a monster?—Are you then still a stranger to this heart, which has so long been yours, and which has never known even to disguise its faults from you? But every doubt shall soon be removed; and then, in absence, if some happier man;" continued he, in a faltering accent, "has not effaced"—He paused—his emotions would not suffer him to proceed; but his respectfully timid eyes so fondly fixed on her, more eloquently than words could do, expressed his tender apprehensions.—Indiana uttered a gentle sigh, and with sweet confusion, not daring to look up, begged him to satisfy the curiosity he had raised, by fulfilling his promise, in removing those doubts which yet—

"I AM impatient to do so," interrupted he eagerly; "for till then I dare not hope for a return to that fervent passion which glows in this constant heart.—O! Indiana, with what inexpressible tenderness have I ever loved you? and with what rapturous fondness do I now doat on my angel, if possible, more charming than I ever beheld her?—But I will endeavour to compose myself, till I relate the wonderful event, which, from the depth of misery and despair, raised me to those delightful hopes for which alone I wished to live.

"You know, madam," addressing himself to the marchioness, "into what anguish a certain discovery plunged me.—My passions are naturally violent: I was several times tempted to put an end to my wretched being; but Heaven in mercy withheld me  
"from



“ from the commission of that unnatural crime.  
“ —I left the Grove, without any fixed resolution ; hardly, indeed, knowing which way  
“ to direct my course.—At last, however, I  
“ determined to go abroad again, and there reside at one of my estates—not that where we  
“ used commonly to reside. I durst not trust  
“ myself at a place which would but, by the  
“ recollection of past scenes, add to my grief.  
“ —I made choice of one still more retired  
“ from the world, and, for some time, led a  
“ life, the most melancholy you can possibly  
“ imagine.

“ IN vain I strove to forget my too charming  
“ sister.—My utmost endeavours were fruitless :  
“ retirement rather added to than diminished my  
“ sorrows.—Weary of a wretched being, of  
“ which I yet durst not voluntarily deprive myself, I thought I might at least seek for an honourable death from the hands of my enemies, since from my own I was forbid to receive the wished-for blow.

“ WITH this hope—in search of death—not fame—I engaged as a volunteer in the  
“ Prussian service. As I am a protestant, and as they were not, at that time, immediately  
“ directed against my countrymen, I had the less scruple in offering myself, only taking the  
“ precaution to change my name, and hiring attendants to whom I was unknown.—  
“ Before I left France, I made my will in favour of my charming Indiana, and settled my  
“ affairs, not having the least expectation I  
“ should ever return.—Indeed I set off with that  
“ hope.

“ I MET

" I MET with a gracious reception from the  
" officers; several of them endeavoured to cul-  
" tivate my friendship; but I was averse to so-  
" ciety, and studiously avoided contracting any  
" intimacy. They, no doubt, thought me a  
" strange unaccountable fellow; but that little  
" affected me. I sought only to indulge my me-  
" lancholy: I chose not that way of life to get  
" rid of it, but, as I before said, of a wretched  
" being, which was become unsupportable to  
" me.

" FOR some months, however, I saw no pro-  
" spect of this, as during all that time it never  
" was in the least exposed to danger, to my great  
" disappointment and chagrin.—I was several  
" times tempted to leave the service; but that  
" my honour opposed.—At last my ardent  
" wishes were gratified. I was present at an  
" engagement, in which I did not shew myself  
" an idle spectator.—But I have no reason to  
" boast of my bravery, since it flowed from de-  
" spair, and a weariness of that life I so rashly  
" exposed to danger.—From an ignorance of  
" my motives I acquired a high reputation for  
" courage.—My behaviour was represented in  
" so favourable a light to his majesty, that he  
" promised, if I lived, to distinguish me by his  
" favour.—I was, however, so dangerously  
" wounded, that for near two months my life  
" was despaired of.—I had been carried to a  
" convent, which happened to be the nearest  
" house to the field of battle. The pious sister-  
" hood charitably received me, and procured me  
" all the assistance in their power: the abbess fre-  
" quently honoured me with a visit.

" ONE

“ ONE day she came, attended by a young  
 “ lady, who, though I had been several weeks  
 “ in the house, had never before been in my  
 “ apartment. The surgeon had just been dress-  
 “ ing my wound, and the exquisite torture he  
 “ put me to, had thrown me into a swoon;  
 “ from which when I recovered, I beheld the  
 “ fair creature I before-mentioned, who hung  
 “ over me with the most tender compassion,  
 “ whilst the pitying tear stole down her cheeks.  
 “ —I felt an unusual emotion at the sight of  
 “ her; with an involuntary transport I pressed  
 “ her hand between mine.—She blushed, and  
 “ retired to a greater distance.—I asked who  
 “ she was, of one of the ladies; but judge  
 “ how I was surprized, when I found she was my  
 “ cousin, daughter to the baroness de \*\*\*, my  
 “ father’s only sister, who I had not seen since  
 “ my infancy.—You, madam,” looking at  
 “ the marchioness, “ cannot have forgot her mo-  
 “ ther, that amiable friend, who was once so dear  
 “ to you.”

“ WELL do I remember her,” returned she,  
 “ and often have I sympathised in her misfor-  
 “ tunes; but for some years I have not seen her,  
 “ as she went to reside at a little estate of her  
 “ husband’s, that she might be near your grand-  
 “ mother, whose favourite she ever was.—But  
 “ proceed,” continued the marchioness; “ this is  
 “ a needless digression.”

“ PERHAPS not,” answered the marquis.—  
 “ I will abridge my story as much as possible.—  
 “ In a few days after I had seen my lovely cousin,  
 “ I received a visit from her mother.—Nothing  
 “ could equal the joy of our meeting. What  
 “ added to hers, was the near prospect of my  
 “ recovery.—I was already pronounced out of  
 “ danger.

“ danger. The baroness inquired of the surgeon,  
“ if I might with safety be removed to the marchioness, my grand-mother’s? His answer  
“ was favourable to her wishes.—I was carried  
“ there without inconveniency or accident. The  
“ fair Leonora, my cousin, who had not yet taken  
“ the veil, and which she never would have had  
“ the least thoughts of taking, but for the too  
“ arbitrary commands of her father, at the earnest  
“ intreaties of my aunt, obtained leave to accompany  
“ us in our journey, with strict orders,  
“ however, to return in a few days; as the good  
“ lady told her she could not be answerable for  
“ her absence, should the baron, who was not  
“ present in that part of the country, be informed  
“ that she had thus acted contrary to his orders.

“ I WAS received with the greatest demonstrations  
“ of joy by the old marchioness, who  
“ I found confined to her room by a lingering  
“ but dangerous illness, from which there were  
“ but little hopes of her recovery.—I stayed but  
“ a few moments with her: they obliged me to  
“ retire to rest, after the fatigue of my journey.  
“ —Next morning I attended her at breakfast in  
“ her own apartment. I found my aunt and  
“ cousin with her.—On my entrance they dismissed  
“ the attendants.—The baroness then rose,  
“ and embracing me, burst into tears.—Now,  
“ madam, said she, turning to her mother, ah!  
“ let me now ease my labouring heart; let me  
“ reveal the fatal secret that has so long destroyed  
“ my peace.—’Tis as much my wish as yours,  
“ returned the marchioness. You know I have  
“ long sought an opportunity of doing it.—The  
“ near approach of death has set my conduct  
“ in its proper light.—Laudable as my motives  
“ might be, I am now convinced, by what I  
“ have

“ have suffered, that we ought never to do evil,  
 “ flattering ourselves that good will come of it.  
 “ —Let us ever act with integrity and upright-  
 “ ness, and leave the issue to the wise Disposer  
 “ of all things.—Rebecca’s fraud in favour of  
 “ her beloved son Jacob, is no precedent—and  
 “ yet, at the same time, I thought I might  
 “ with impunity follow an example, which, be-  
 “ cause the sacred Scriptures do not censure, I  
 “ imagined uncensurable.—

“ SIT down, my dear son, continued she, I see your wonder, your anxiety ; listen, for I have a most surprising mystery to unravel.—I am, as you know, a Protestant ; though during my husband’s life I durst not openly avow my principles, as he was a most rigid Catholic.—By him I had one son, your supposed father, the late marquis de Gramont, and the baroness.—As my parents were ignorant that I had abjured the errors of their faith, I durst not, at my marriage, stipulate for the usual agreement in such cases, that the daughters should be brought up in my persuasion, the son in their father’s.—However, I found means secretly to make myself some amends, by early instructing my daughter, whose education was more immediately under my inspection than my son’s, in what I am persuaded is the true faith.—This, you may believe, was carefully concealed from her father. She had, however, the misfortune to incur his displeasure, though not on this account, but for privately marrying the baron de —— without his knowledge or consent.—The latter she could not hope for, as the two families were at variance. By this marriage, which, on account of the gentleman’s religion, was as re-

“ pugnant



“ pugnacious to my inclination as his, she incurred  
 “ his highest resentment ; and so implacably did  
 “ he cherish it, that he would never be pre-  
 “ vailed on to pardon her.—I loved her too  
 “ well to carry my resentment so far ; but dur-  
 “ ing his life I durst not openly appear to be re-  
 “ conciled.

“ He died, indeed, in less than a year after  
 “ her marriage.—In his will he cut off her  
 “ children, if she should have any, from suc-  
 “ ceeding to his estate, as they would naturally  
 “ have done, in case his son died without heirs,  
 “ leaving it to the count de —, a very distant  
 “ relation, of whom he had scarce the slightest  
 “ knowledge.—This was an act of injustice,  
 “ which every body condemned, but for which  
 “ there was no remedy.—The baron, who ex-  
 “ pected a considerable fortune with his lady, not  
 “ doubting but he should in time obtain forgive-  
 “ ness of the marquis, severely felt this disap-  
 “ pointment of his hopes—and most fatally did  
 “ the poor baroness experience the effects of this  
 “ disappointment.—She had ever been my fa-  
 “ vourite on many accounts. I was deeply af-  
 “ fected at the treatment she received, but I  
 “ could only pity—it was not in my power to re-  
 “ lieve her.—Soon after his father’s death, my  
 “ son married an English lady of great merit.—  
 “ I was pleased with this alliance, not only from  
 “ a regard to that merit, but because the amiable  
 “ woman was a Protestant.—The marquis  
 “ had never enjoyed a perfect state of health,  
 “ being judged in a decline ; he was every year  
 “ ordered to the Spa, for the benefit of the wa-  
 “ ters.—After his marriage, however, he de-  
 “ layed this journey, on account of his lady’s  
 “ pregnancy ; but some weeks after her delivery,  
 VOL. IV. L “ the

“ the physicians told him there was an indispensable necessity for his going there, if he  
 “ wished to preserve his life.—The marchioness  
 “ insisted on accompanying him.—I promised to  
 “ take the charge of her infant son.—She felt the  
 “ less regret at leaving him, depending on my  
 “ care and tenderness.—He was accordingly removed to my house, and they set off for the  
 “ Spa, where they proposed staying two or three  
 “ months.

“ My daughter, the baroness, was likewise,  
 “ about the same time, delivered of a son, while  
 “ on a visit to me.—Hers was a fine healthy  
 “ child; the marchioness’s, on the contrary,  
 “ weak and sickly.—This suggested a thought,  
 “ which, after mature deliberation, I communicated to my daughter.—She was at first  
 “ shocked at the proposal; but I omitted neither  
 “ arguments nor persuasions to reconcile her to  
 “ it.—It was in case the marquis’s son should  
 “ die, of which we were every day apprehensive,  
 “ to substitute hers in its stead; this, I told her,  
 “ might easily be effected, as they were so  
 “ much of an age, and we would immediately  
 “ dismiss their present nurses, remove the children  
 “ to her house, where I would accompany her,  
 “ and hire others who knew not which was  
 “ which.—There will be no injustice in this,  
 “ said I; your son would, but for my husband’s  
 “ inflexible and cruel resentment, have been lawful heir to the marquis, in case he dies without children; and should he have another son,  
 “ which I much question, we may then—and I  
 “ am determined I will—discover the imposture.

“ Now, my dear daughter, continued I, by  
 “ agreeing to my proposal, your son stands a  
 “ chance of being a Protestant; I know the  
 “ marchioness

" marchioness will omit no endeavours to make  
" him so.—This is a weighty consideration; but  
" if you refuse compliance with my measures,  
" there can be no hopes of that nature.—You  
" too well know the rigid bigotry of the baron,  
" who already suspects your principles, and will  
" effectually prevent your having any share in  
" his education.

" As for the count de —, he has already a  
" large estate, has no family to provide for, nor  
" likely to have any.—Yours, on the contrary,  
" will in all probability increase, and your estate  
" is small.—Consider how unjustly you have  
" been deprived of your right; it is doing him  
" but little injury to prevent his enjoying what  
" he neither wants, nor in reality, from the  
" character I have heard of him, deserves.—  
" You will, it is true, lose the pleasure of be-  
" ing acknowledged the young marquis's mo-  
" ther; but you will see him often, and you will  
" see him happy, and provided for suitable to his  
" birth.

" THESE were some of the arguments I  
" made use of,—induced to it by affection for  
" my daughter, and by the desire of perpetuating  
" our family; for that, to which the estate de-  
" volved, was of a very distant branch, and  
" of the female line, consequently of a dif-  
" ferent name.—I had other motives.—  
" Religion was not the least powerful.—But  
" not to be tedious, my intreaties at length  
" prevailed.—The baroness, though still with  
" reluctance, ever accustomed to obey me, gave  
" her consent, and left every thing to my ma-  
" nagement.

“ THE little Gramont, as we had foreseen,  
 “ died in a few weeks after we removed to my  
 “ daughter’s.—He was buried as her son.—The  
 “ affair was carried on with the utmost address;  
 “ his supposed father, the baron, was in the  
 “ army, and at that time absent with his re-  
 “ giment.

“ THE marquis and his lady returned from  
 “ the Spa; they were delighted to find their  
 “ child so much improved, and bestowed a thou-  
 “ sand encomiums on me for my care and tender-  
 “ ness.—Every one was happy but the poor ba-  
 “ roness, who felt the most severe pang at part-  
 “ ing with her lovely infant.—However, as the  
 “ house where she commonly resided was at no  
 “ great distance from that of the marquis, she  
 “ consoled herself with the hopes of seeing him  
 “ every day, or at least she could continually hear  
 “ of his welfare.

“ YOU know,” continued she, “ the warm  
 “ friendship that subsisted between the marchio-  
 “ ness and her.—She was charmed to find she  
 “ was not deceived in her expectations. Your  
 “ supposed mother informed her in confidence of  
 “ the unremitted pains she took to instil into your  
 “ young mind the Protestant principles.—This  
 “ she had the better opportunity of effecting, as  
 “ the increasing indisposition of the marquis pre-  
 “ vented his giving so close an attention to  
 “ your education as he would otherwise have  
 “ done; though, to do him justice, he was no  
 “ bigot.

“ NOT so my son-in-law: he took umbrage  
 “ at the great intimacy between the two families,  
 “ fearing they might pervert the young Leonora’s  
 “ faith; for this reason, he removed his fa-  
 “ mily to an estate in my neighbourhood.—

“ But

" But I need not be so minute ; you know the  
" rest. Nothing could equal our affliction at  
" your first unhappy marriage,—nor our joy,  
" when freed from that fatal engagement.—  
" That joy was increased, when we heard of  
" your going to England, in order to marry a  
" lady, who was not only a Protestant, but, as  
" we are informed, every way worthy of you.  
" The baroness often importuned me to reveal  
" the secret. She grew every day more uneasy  
" at what we had done ; the approach of death  
" made me no less so—but shame and regard for  
" your interest restrained me.

" THE baron, however, by some unexpected  
" turns of fortune, has now an estate above his  
" hopes.—In short, I at last determined to write  
" to the marchioness, to reveal the whole af-  
" fair ; but as much as possible to vindicate my  
" beloved daughter, who had acted only in obe-  
" dience to me, and greatly repugnant to her own  
" inclinations.

" THE letter has actually been in readiness  
" some days ; but as I cannot expect to live  
" long, I delayed sending it, wishing to defer  
" it till after my death, that I might be spared  
" the confusion of so important a discovery.—  
" Your unexpected presence, however, has—

" HERE I interrupted her," continued the  
marquis.—" I arose—I cast myself at the  
" feet of my mother.—O ! madam, cried I,  
" pressing her hands to my lips, am I indeed  
" your son ? Why would you so long deprive  
" me of the blessing of knowing my true pa-  
" rent ?—She raised me, and clasping me in  
" her arms with the fondest affection,—  
" Yes, returned she, with fervor, I am, in-  
" deed, your mother, if, after a conduct like



“ mine, you will deign to acknowledge me as  
 “ such.—Your father too—why is he not here?  
 “ —How will he rejoice in a son so every way  
 “ accomplished!—she was pleased to say.—But  
 “ let me not engross your whole attention.—  
 “ This dear girl (turning to her daughter) is, no  
 “ doubt, impatient to embrace and welcome her  
 “ brother.

“ I AM, indeed, said the young lady; and  
 “ added, with a gay air, 'Tis well for me,  
 “ perhaps, that the discovery was not longer  
 “ delayed.

“ I SIGHED; the thoughts of my lovely In-  
 “ diana rushed upon my mind.—Oh! from  
 “ what inexpressible misery would a more timely  
 “ discovery have preserved me!—I had some  
 “ faint hopes, however, that it would not yet  
 “ be too late.—But these hopes were succeeded  
 “ by a thousand tormenting fears.—I deter-  
 “ mined on an immediate return to England.—  
 “ Neither my mother nor the marchioness, when  
 “ informed of my melancholy story, offered to  
 “ oppose this resolution.—But passionately as I  
 “ loved, justice first demanded to be satisfied.—  
 “ I set off next morning for the count de \*\*\*'s.  
 “ It was a journey of some days.—To my infi-  
 “ nite regret and disappointment, I was inform-  
 “ ed of that gentleman's death, which happened  
 “ but a short time before my arrival at his house.  
 “ —I inquired into the situation of his affairs;  
 “ they were, I found, in a very flourishing situa-  
 “ tion. He had never been married, and had  
 “ left the principal part of his fortune to a na-  
 “ tural son, whose mother was no less genteelly  
 “ provided for.

“ I RE-

" I RETURNED to the marchioness. On consulting with her, pitying my impatience to be in England, she advised me to leave every thing, in regard to the estate, to their management, promising to reveal the whole affair to the baron, who was a man of too much honour not to act in it agreeable to my wishes.— In a few days every thing was in readiness for my departure.—I first wrote a respectful letter to my father.—I then bid a tender adieu to my mother and sister, promising the latter to intercede with my father not to force her inclinations, in regard to taking the veil.—Her year of probation is not near expired.—I hope to be back time enough to prevent the fate she looks forward to with so much horror.—I set off for England, where I safely arrived the day before yesterday.—From that hour I have travelled night and day to reach this place.—At the Grove I was informed of your retreat.—

" AH! my Indiana," continued he, turning to her with an air of tenderness, " with what dreadful apprehensions was I filled at the account I heard!—But, thank Heaven, your fatal vow is not yet pronounced—and I may yet—ah! say, my lovely charmer, may I not yet hope you will be mine?"

" Yes," cried the marchioness, embracing him with transport, " she shall, indeed, if her fond mother has the least influence over her, be yours.—You must still be my son, though happy it is for us all that you are not already so. What says my Indiana?"—" That I will ever be obedient to your commands," answered she, sweetly blushing.

“AND is it only in obedience to the commands of a parent then?” said the marquis, sighing, and fixing his eyes on hers with a melancholy air. “Ah! Indiana, that is, indeed, a cool return to a passion so constant, so fervent as mine has ever been; but”—“I merit not these reproaches,” interrupted she, softening her voice into tenderness; “be satisfied: I do not give you this hand,” holding it out with the prettiest air imaginable,—“with the least reluctance.”—He eagerly seized it, and, transported with joy, pressed it to his lips.

I STOP here, my Clara.—I have already dwelt long enough on the rapturous.—You must imagine the rest; for the succeeding scene would lose half its grace in my faint description.—With reluctance the marquis was at length prevailed on to leave his charmer.—He was greatly fatigued with his journey, and stood visibly in need of rest.—The marchioness accompanied him to Mrs. Sidney’s.—Indiana retired with me to her apartment, where I sagely animadverted on the wonderful event, and the mysterious decrees of Providence.—O! how happy is now our sweet friend!—and how happy will this letter make my Clara!—I hasten to dispatch it, for her consolation, after those melancholy ones with which she has been so much displeased.—Adieu.—Indiana will add a line or two; though I believe it will cost her no small pains to compose them, in the present joyful tumult of her mind.

Yours,

F. FREEMORE.

YES,

YES, let me freely acknowledge my happiness is inexpressible.—Gracious Heaven! what an unhopèd for event?—I can hardly credit my senses; but they assure me the dear marquis has actually been here, and that it is no longer a crime to indulge my passion for him.—O! Clara, am I not now sufficiently rewarded for all my sufferings?—Did I ever repine?—How ungrateful!—Rejoice with me, my beloved friend.—My mind is, indeed, in violent agitation: I hardly know what I write.—Come to me—let me pour out the fulness of my delighted heart into your sympathizing bosom.

POOR BEVERLY!—but he is recovering; he is freed from an unhappy marriage.—There are a thousand amiable women more worthy of him than I can pretend to be.—Admired as he is, surely some of them will be able to console him for my loss.—On Miss Montague's charms I have great dependance. I own my felicity, great as it is, would be incomplete, if I did not flatter myself with the prospect of his.—Fanny bids me hasten to conclude. The dear girl tells me, smiling, she is sure I can say nothing to the purpose, in my present agreeable flutter.—I believe you will own the justice of her remark.—Adieu then, my dear, dear Clara. Come and be witness—a partaker in the joy of your

INDIANA DANBY.

L 5

L E T-

## LETTER LXI.

TO MISS FANNY FREEMORE.

**S**LY girl; I wonder how you could contain yourself!—Not the least anticipation of the wonderful event?—You nunnish damsels have such a command over your passions—But could you not foresee that your epistle stood a chance of being committed to the flames?—as the beginning of it justly deserved.—I had no patience; but casting it from me—“Read it, if you can,” cried I, looking to Beville, “’tis too much for me.” I pulled out my handkerchief, and reclining back in my chair, gave way to tears.—He took it up—the first thing that happened to strike his eyes was—“a tall young gentleman,” &c. &c.—He eagerly read from that place.—I started from my seat, wild with joy—“Good heavens! what do I hear?” exclaimed I; “give me the dear messenger of such transporting news.”—I snatched it from him.—Never creature was so happy as at that moment was your Clara.—

IN the midst of my transports Mrs. Beverly came to pay me a visit. Her son is removed to his own house, and out of danger from his wounds.—I immediately presented to her the welcome packet, like a giddy creature as I am, without taking the precaution to prepare her for its extraordinary contents.—She changed colour as she read it.—

AH!” cried she, “what will now become of my poor disappointed Beverly?”—but almost instantly recovering from her emotions, she, with generous warmth, expressed her pleasure



pleasure at the happiness of her Indiana.—  
I was all ecstasy—but a request she made me, a little damped my transports—yet I could not refuse her. It was to communicate the important news to her son.—

“I CANNOT,” said she; “his grief would too much affect me.—Oblige me, dear Mrs. Bevill; add this one obligation more to the many for which I am already indebted to you: ’twill be a generous instance of your friendship, and the sooner you do it the better. He is, thank heaven, sufficiently recovered. —It will indeed be a dreadful blow; but I hope he will be able to bear it with becoming fortitude: he is now inured to misfortunes. I depend on your tenderness and discretion.—I left Sir George with him. —The presence of his friend may be of service to you.—In the mean time I’ll pay a visit to Miss Montague, and endeavour to prevail on the lovely girl to accompany me when I return. I intreat you to spend the day with us. I depend much on the influence you have on my poor Harry.—You too, Mr. Bevill, must oblige us with your company at dinner.”—He bowed—she took her leave.—

In a few moments after, I set off for her house.—I was ushered into the drawing-room: Sir George was still there.—On my entrance Beverly ran to meet me, and, with an air of gaiety, took both my hands—“Dear creature,” cried he, “how much am I obliged to you for this visit?—You are the very person I have been talking of these two hours, and ardently wishing to see.—How is my fair inflexible?” continued he, leading me to a couch, and seating himself by me; “Does she relent? Is there  
“yet

“ yet any hope for her penitent Beverly ? Speak,  
 “ my charming Clara,” fixing his fine eyes on  
 my face.—

I SIGHED.—“ Inflexible indeed,” repeated  
 I.—He changed colour ; and for some mo-  
 ments we were both silent.—At last, “ Arm your-  
 “ self with fortitude,” resumed I ;—“ her re-  
 “ solution is unalterable.”—I took out your last  
 letter but one, and read it to him.—He inter-  
 rupted me a thousand times with sallies of grief  
 and impatience ;—but when I came to that part,  
 “ To-morrow morning she bids an eternal adieu  
 “ to the world”—he started wildly from his seat,  
 and furiously ringing the bell, “ By heavens,”  
 cried he, “ I will prevent her fatal purpose !  
 “ there is yet time enough. O let me fly on  
 “ the wings of love.”—A servant entered while  
 he spoke.—“ Get my chaise ready this instant,”  
 said he, with impatience in his looks.—“ Yes,  
 “ I will this moment set off for the cursed”—

“ PRAY hear me, Mr. Beverly,” interrupted  
 I ; “ you talk of impossibilities, see the date of  
 “ Fanny’s letter.”——“ And why, O cruel  
 “ Clara, returned he, was I not sooner inform-  
 “ ed ?—but I see you are all combined against  
 “ the wretched Beverly ; I have not a friend in  
 “ the world—no matter, since Indiana——O my  
 “ God,” continued he, striking his breast, “ to  
 “ what misery am I reduced ?”——He cast him-  
 self into a chair, and gave way to the most vio-  
 lent emotions.—“ Unkind Beverly !” said I,  
 weeping ; “ how have I deserved those unjust  
 “ reproaches ? am I not, have I not in a thou-  
 “ sand instances, proved myself your friend ?—  
 “ But what could I do ?—For Heaven’s sake  
 “ compose yourself ! if you sincerely loved In-  
 “ dian, you would rejoice at her felicity.”——  
 “ If I loved her ?” cried he with fervor.—“ Ah !

“ Clara,

“ Clara, is that yet to be proved?—But what  
 “ do you call her felicity? a cursed infatuation,  
 “ a” —“ She is certainly the best judge of what  
 “ will contribute to it,” interrupted sir George.  
 —“ I am no less a sufferer than you, nor is my  
 “ passion less violent.—Yet was she not ravished  
 “ from me when I believed myself secure of the  
 “ inestimable charmer? but I bore my disap-  
 “ pointment, great as it was, with a fortitude  
 “ becoming a man.—I even forgave him who  
 “ had so highly injured me; nay I did more, I  
 “ vowed to sacrifice my passion to my friend-  
 “ ship; and if I could do this for a friend, how  
 “ much more ought you to do for her you so  
 “ fondly love?—To prove that love genuine,  
 “ and disinterested, you should unmurmuring  
 “ acquiesce in her choice, as she believes it ne-  
 “ cessary to her happiness; since if you really  
 “ feel that generous affection you profess, you  
 “ would be more studious for her happiness than  
 “ your own.”

“ BUT she cannot be happy in her choice,”  
 interrupted Beverly, with impatience: “ mis-  
 “ rable as I must have been, had she resigned  
 “ herself to the arms of another, yet I think I  
 “ could have borne it with more fortitude than  
 “ to see her thus madly deprive herself of all  
 “ the joys of life, buried alive.—By Heavens, I  
 “ cannot bear the torturing reflection.—O  
 “ Clara, snatching my hand with a frantic air,  
 “ what envious demon could possess her? Why  
 “ was I not more timely warned of the impend-  
 “ ing ruin that has thus blasted all my flattering  
 “ hopes?” —“ You were,” returned I—“ I  
 “ have long been endeavouring to prepare you  
 “ for this fatal event; I too well know her  
 “ temper, to believe her resolution once firmly  
 “ fixed, was to be shaken, yet have I omitted no  
 “ argu-

“arguments,—no persuasions.—But tell me, Beverly,” continued I, “if I can convince you she is happy, will you be generous, will you endeavour to submit to your fate with resignation? You said just now, and I trust your profession was sincere, that you would rather see her in the arms of another, than condemned to the joyless state she has chosen. —Now summon all your fortitude.”—I paused.—He looked at me with wild impatience.—

“PROCEED, madam,” cried he, faltering with emotion; “I cannot be more wretched. I cannot be more wretched.”——“Then listen to me, dear Beverly,” said I, “and if possible, with patience.”——

I TOOK out your last letter.—“Good Heavens,” exclaimed he, “what now?”——I made no answer, but read it to him.—When I came to where the marquis hinted at not being her brother—he started from his seat.—Enough, madam, I guess the rest—then clapping Sir George on the shoulder, with wildness in his eyes, “What say you to another tour?” cried he—“I must leave this cursed place, and that immediately.”——“I will go with you to the farthest part of the world,” answered his friend, taking him by the hand, “if it will contribute to the restoration of your peace.”——

BEVERLY disengaged his hand, and standing as if lost in thought, raised his eyes to Heaven.—At last—“Married to the marquis!” cried he,——“very well, then my fate is indeed determined.—Ungrateful, cruel Indiana.”—He paused for a few moments—when seating himself by me on the couch, he took both my hands, “Now, Clara,” said he, “let us talk of some-  
“thing

" thing else.—She was unworthy of my love ;  
 " by Heaven, I'll tear her too long cherished image  
 " from my heart."—" And let me hope,"  
 returned I, " that a worthier, or at least a  
 " kinder object will ere long supply its place.  
 "—Remember, Beverly, you are now free to  
 " choose, the world must still have a thousand  
 " pleasures, for one so every way formed to en-  
 " joy them."—

" FREE to choose," repeated he ; " and do  
 " you think I will ever more have the slightest  
 " connection with any of your deceitful bewitch-  
 " ing sex ?—No, no, Clara, sober friendship  
 " now."—

WHILE he spoke, Mrs. Beverly, followed by  
 Miss Montague and Bevill, entered the apart-  
 ment.—He arose, and affecting an air of gaiety,  
 approached the young lady.—

" YOU are come in good time, madam,"  
 said he, " to congratulate me on my restoration  
 " to liberty ; I have long been a slave, but at  
 " length I have shaken off my chains."—" O  
 " how I rejoice," cried Mrs. Beverly, embrac-  
 ing him, " to see you bear your disappoint-  
 " ment with such becoming fortitude."—" Dis-  
 " appointment," repeated he, striking his breast,  
 with a look of anguish and despair,—“ O Hea-  
 " vens ! it is too much for human nature to sup-  
 " port."—

He rushed out of the room.—I was afflicted—  
 And poor Mrs. Beverly sunk down on the couch,  
 almost lifeless.—I begged sir George to follow  
 his friend, and endeavour to calm his emotions.  
 —He did so, but returned in a few mo-  
 ments, telling us Mr. Beverly had shut himself  
 up in his closet, and he had in vain sued for ad-  
 mittance.

" I WILL



"I WILL attend you at dinner," said his friend, half angry at his importunity.—"For Heaven's sake, leave me to my own reflections!—I blush at my weakness; but I will conquer it or die. Leave me, George, I am unfit for company."—

THE amiable miss Montague seemed to sympathise in his afflictions.—You cannot conceive a more dejected party.—But I had hopes, from the knowledge of his disposition, that the violence of his grief would soon subside.—His natural inconstancy will now be of advantage to him.—At dinner, agreeable to his promise, he again made his appearance.—Mrs. Beverly anxiously examined his looks,—he had assumed a surprising degree of composure.—We were all cautious not to renew the melancholy subject. I endeavoured, by my gaiety, to divert the remembrance of it.—He had actually so much command over himself, as in some measure to join in my pleasantries.—

HE talked of going to Bath, for the more perfect recovery of his health; for though out of danger from his wounds, that is far from being re-established.—Mrs. Beverly was pleased with his proposal; and sir George promised to accompany him there.—But what, you will perhaps ask, is my opinion in regard to Miss Montague—what hopes for her?—

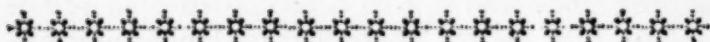
At present there is no judging with certainty, of what may be the consequence of her tenderness, and his friendship.—You know, child, he is yet struggling with a former passion, and vows, that once conquered, to love no more; but I fancy his sage resolution will not be very steadily pursued, for his is one of the most susceptible of hearts,—it was not formed for indifference.—We shall see,—time may produce wonders; it would  
be

be none to me, should he ere long entertain a most violent penchant for a damsel so every way formed to please. Or if she should fail, what say you to the marquis's fine sister?—A propos, present my respects to the said marquis, my old friend, and favourite.

AH! I shall hardly have time to write a few lines to Indiana before the post goes out; and I am impatient to send her my congratulations.—Adieu, my dear Fanny.

Ever yours,

CLARA BEVILL.



## LETTER LXII.

To Mr. BEVILL.

THE happy Indiana, and her thrice happy marquis, accompanied by their friends, set off this morning for the Grove, where they expect my Clara and her good man to meet them.—My aunt too, who has not for these many years taken such a journey, was so delighted with our fair friend, and so pleased with her uncommon adventures, as she calls them, that she invited herself to be of the joyful party.—

You may believe it was not without emotion I saw them depart. I had been extreamly happy in the dear Indiana's society;—but thank heaven, though deprived of that blessing, I am still content with my lot. I rejoice in her felicity, and am satisfied with my own. I hope, as mine have long been so, her misfortunes are now at an end.—I pray heaven her happiness may daily increase,  
though

though I believe she now thinks it too perfect to admit of any addition.—Never sure was there so amiable a lover as the marquis; they are indeed every way worthy of each other.—

I PITY Mr. Beverly—but am convinced she could not have been so happy, as she has now a prospect of being, with one of his disposition; and he, I trust, will, from that very disposition, soon get the better of his disappointment.—’Tis true, his passion for her was violent, but he has not loved her with that steady unabated constancy of which the marquis has given such convincing proofs: and though Indiana has lately experienced some degree of returning tenderness for him—yet the choice she made of retirement, in preference to him, when there was no longer any obstacle to prevent their union, shewed clearly that that tenderness arose more from compassion than love.—She would not, I imagine, have experienced the least partiality for him, if she had not believed it a crime to indulge her passion for the marquis.—His assiduity rekindled that but half extinguished flame, and he imagined he had excited those emotions on his own account, which proceeded only from his recalling to her memory that more favoured lover.—Of this she was herself perhaps scarce sensible, as she durst not too strictly examine into the situation of her heart.—Adieu, dear Clara; a long letter would, at a time like this, be impertinent, as you are no doubt busily preparing for your agreeable journey.—

I WILL no longer divert your attention from the happy scenes that await you—only a few words more.—Tell my ever honoured mamma, if she does not propose accompanying you, her presence here, if her health will permit, would be esteemed the highest gratification to her’s and your ever affectionate

FANNY FREEMORE.

L E T-

## L E T T E R   L X I I I .

To Miss FREEMORE.

A T last, my dear Fanny, our Indiana is com-  
pletely blest, in being united to the most  
amiable of men.—But to describe the transports  
of the marquis on the joyful occasion is impos-  
sible : it beggars all description.—

YESTERDAY the indissoluble knot was tied by  
the delighted honest Mr. Brathwait. There were  
present on the occasion—the sage lady Worthy—  
colonel and Mrs. Manly, now an amazingly hap-  
py pair—Mrs. Beverly, the rejoicing marchioness,  
of course Miss Montague, a little in the plain-  
tives, Miss Lenox, all life and spirits, full of  
hopes that she may ere long follow our friend's  
example, now her favourite Sir George is once  
more free to chuse—lastly my ladyship, and my  
ladyship's lord and master, both as happy as it is  
in nature to be. The wedding was public, and  
immensely brilliant.—A concert—a ball—a crowd  
—what woman can wish more?—Add too, to  
complete the fair Indiana's felicity—a man—so—  
so, in short, such a man as was never before either  
seen or heard of—his manner all gentle, tender  
and insinuating—His person tall, elegant, genteel  
—quite a jewel of a man, as what's his name  
says.—

Now a word of Beverly.—He set off for Bath  
a few hours before I set off for the Grove. On  
taking leave of me—he snatched my hand, “ I  
“ am going to drink the waters of Lethe,” cried  
he.—“ May they produce the desired effect,”  
returned I.

“ Drink deep of the stream, and forget all  
“ your care.”

“ No

“No fear,” said he; “if water won’t do, wine may. No more whining, Clara; by Heavens! I am determined to conquer this unmanly weakness, or die in the attempt.”—

I PRAY heaven his endeavours may prove successful. To do him justice, he is a charming fellow—it were a thousand pities he should be unhappy.—Indiana—Don’t hurry me, child—or you’ll spoil the œconomy of my epistle.—Have you not the company of your dear marquis? What can you wish for more?—Sweet flatterer—Well, well, I’ll attend you in a few moments.—

You see, my dear Fanny, how I am interrupted. There is such an agreeable uproar in the house, that I hardly know what I write: but I was going to tell you the marquis this morning received a letter from abroad, which informs him of his father’s death, and requests his presence there to settle his affairs, as soon as he conveniently can.—

THIS news is a little alloy to our joy. In a few weeks he leaves England, accompanied by his charming bride and the marchioness, but they propose making a very short stay; and he has hopes the baroness and his sister will, on the death of the old marchioness, which is hourly expected, consent to be of the party when they return.—Adieu, my dear.—

THE marquis is here:—there is no resisting his eloquence. I must again mix in the happy throng.

Believe me yours affectionately,

CLARA BEVILL.

F I N I S.





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